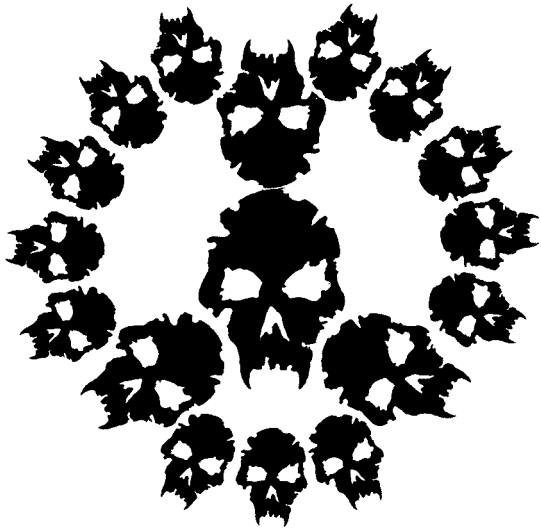
THE BOOK OF

NOD



Book of Nod

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Introduction: How to Use The Book of Nod
4
Preface
5-11

A Brief Word on The Chronicle of Caine
12-18
The Chronicle of Caine
19-61

A Brief Word on The Chronicle of Shadows
62-64
The Chronicle of Shadows
65-93

A Brief Word on The Chronicle of Secrets
94-96
The Chronicle of Secrets
97-115

Appendix: The Known History of the First City
116-123
Afterword
124-133
Lexicon
134

Introduction:
How to Use The Book of Nod

The Book of Nod is not designed to be the definitive book on the nature of vampires and their founder, Caine. There are no game mechanics within. The reason behind this is that The Book of Nod is meant to be 100 percent setting material. Ideally, Storytellers will use The Book of Nod as a prop in either their Masquerade Mind's Eye Theatre game or their Vampire: The Masquerade chronicles.

They may also use it to seed their games with an authentic culture: the culture of the Antediluvians which filters down from Caine himself. Want to make an Elder seem ancient and ultra-conservative? Have him quote from The Chronicle of Shadows. Want to give players the sense that they are close to the Antediluvians? Have them find a tablet with a fragment of the Chronicle of Caine on it. Want to scare them with threats of Gehenna? Have a Malkavian quote The Chronicle of Secrets to them.

preface

I cannot tell you the naked fear I feel, putting down these words for once and for all. Perhaps I will regret them. Perhaps they will never see print. Yet, it is my nature to report this. It is, as they say, in the blood.

My sire, and his sire before him, followed this great and glorious work. Indeed, our very nature has been shaped by this quest; we are unable to stop searching for knowledge. We are of the Mnemosyne, the Memory- Seekers. Specifically, we have been commanded to search for the Book, the tome of all Kindred lore, which is a collection of writings by Caine, his childer and his grandchilder. It is this Book, supposedly first written in the land of Nod, east of Eden, that captures our daytime nightmares and makes every night a painful journey from ignorance towards truth.

Still, I savor every moment of my unlife. I savor the feeling of the crinkly old skins through silk gloves, turning them page by page. My hands shake with pleasure while holding soft, cool lights and reading ink that was newly dried when Charlemagne was young. I savor the gentle, quiet terror of reading cuneiform tablets that threaten to crumble at my very presence. More than that, perhaps more than immortality itself, is the quest that burns within me. It is the search. I have traveled all over this world, perhaps even more than any other of my bloodline.

Where my eternal quest takes me, I shall know no fear! Though small of frame and frail of body, my

heart is strong and my blood stronger. I am not afraid to go to those shadowy places where the far-flung fragments of our Father's teachings lie resting!

I have gotten lost in the raw brutality of New York, sipped tea with the Governor of Kingston, made life-long enemies in Johannesburg, hired the best diggers in all of Cairo, fought to get through to Casablanca, learned about ancient steel and ancient monuments in Toledo, dug in the white cliffs of Dover, barely avoided a deadly brawl in Dublin, sneaked past watchful eyes in Brest, and liberated ancient tomes from a monastery in Cologne. I have saved fourteen sacred scrolls from the torch in Berlin, sipped the best coffee and talked to the greatest Austrian scholars in Vienna, learned ancient Sumerian from a Methuselah in the hidden tunnels under the University of Prague, and braved the coldest winters Oslo had to offer.

And yet, I did not do this by my wits alone.

Barely a night goes by that I do not thank our Founder for his foresight in providing me with the secret ways of hiding, the way to see beyond sight, and the voice of command that seems to come so easily to our line, and I have long blessed my warrior friend Karsh who taught me the secret of seeing in the dark and sleeping in the earth.

And yet, I wonder what else our Founder provided us with. My sire and his sire seem to have fallen under a horrible curse. A madness, dark and quiet at

first but soon growing to a terrible loss of coherent thought and communication, has seemed to strike them. Can I be far behind? My Tremere friend has written me, saying that the burning need driving my bloodline might be the cause of the madness. It must be true, for I cannot fight the burning desire for more knowledge. It is as difficult to resist as the need for sleep or the need for blood.

It is perhaps this madness, that which I fear the most, which has compelled me to go to press with this translation in haste. Know that I do not intend to break Raphael's fragile Masquerade by putting these words in print. It is my intent that a scant ten score of these books be printed, and that none of the copies of this book be given into the hands of the sons and daughters of Seth (as our Father commands us in The Chronicle of Shadows).

I must publish this now, however. It is the most complete collection of the Chronicles of The Book of Nod that has ever been gathered. No other translation, not even Critias' Codex of Caine, has been as complete.

And yet it shames me to say that this is not the complete text. Far from it. I have seen whole fragments go up in smoke as flames consumed ancient buildings. I have touched a complete Book in the tomb of an Antediluvian, and watched it crumble to dust.

I know that in the catacombs under the fabled Lost City of Gold, hidden deep in the Amazon jungle, there are thirteen stone fragments said to contain specific

words to each of the 13 tribes of Kindred, but I only glimpsed them once before I was forced to flee. And so, I can only boast to having part of the puzzle: the largest part to ever be assembled, true, but still only a part of the whole.

I have chosen English as it is my native tongue. It is, in my opinion, the one language which most ably dances between the ancient concepts of Sumer, the noble language of Ancient Rome and the stentorian incantations of Medieval Germany. I must beg forgiveness for its glib simplification in some cases. However, I will forever defend my choice. The King's English will serve well, especially since so many of the original texts are forever lost to me.

It is perhaps particularly perverse that I follow the threads of memory to each fragment of this Book, and yet I know that there are those out there who harry me at every step. I know that Amelek has himself had a hand in thwarting me once, and other Methuselahs as well. It is difficult to find, for example, lists of the names of the Antediluvians and the Methuselahs, for they know that in names there are power, and they, out of fear that some mage would learn to control them with it, have blotted their names out of the histories, wherever they have been recovered.

I have luckily managed to discover a few of them, but I suspect these to be falsified names that were created by the Antediluvians to throw me off the trail, so I offer them here. This may be the only way in which we may identify certain Antediluvians. Furthermore, I have

fallen into the habit (regrettably) of referring to the founder of a clan with a nominative of the clan's name. For example, "Malkav" equals "Malkavian." This is, admittedly, sloppy scholarship but I have been left with no choice. Once I learned the true name of Brujah's Antediluvian and discovered my own name carved in my forearm the next evening. I promptly swore to never again seek the names of those founders.

I am quite sure that, even as I write these words, there are agents of the Jyhad who are following me. I will not join the common room downstairs tonight, for last night I indulged in some wine-sotted blood and saw a woman with silver-grey eyes looking at me. She was wearing Ventrue's scepter-sigil on her cloak, I know it was her, watching for me, searching for me, sent by Ventrue to harry me. No matter. I will write the truth and the rest of you be damned!

I have attempted to compile these textual fragments into some kind of coherent story, at least within the contexts of the various Chronicles. Where you see an ellipsis, know that there are more words on that particular scrap, but that it has somehow been lost, erased or hidden from me.

I wait now only for a package from London to finish this missive and have done with this book. This package will carry one of the only copies of the Codex of Caine left in existence, and will be the last piece in my complex puzzle. I look forward to touching it, holding it, with great expectation. And if any of my brothers or sisters comes near it, I will … I will send them to the

death of Fire! Let Michael's holy sword brand them, for all I care. No one has come this close. I will reign triumphant amongst my kind.

With triumph,

Aristotle deLaurent

A Brief Word on
The Chronicle of Caine

It is unimportant that this part of the Book of Nod is not comparatively accurate with the standard biblical canon. What is important is that we have, perhaps for the first time, a personal viewpoint on the events surrounding the days after the Fall. Caine tells us in his own words what his motives were, and although it is quite possible that this story exists only to shape our idea of him, we can assume that there must be some element of the truth in his tale. His account is, after all, the only eyewitness report we have to rely upon.

Ah, our dear Father. In some Islamic myths, the translated Satan figure is thrown from Heaven not because he hates mankind, but because he loves God too much to bow to any other but God, and he will not serve man. It is perhaps that Caine shares in this love: he so loves his brother that he cannot think of any other worthy sacrifice to the One Above. Surely Caine could not have had any other reason to sacrifice his brother. He could not know death, having been born before Death was something humanity had experienced.

Other figures of that time also play instrumental roles in the Book. Surely it is not purely mythological transliteration that causes Lilith to appear in this story, for she is a figure in the oldest of the Hebrew Midrashim. Having been cast out of Paradise first, she would recognize Caine for one who had been in the light of heaven and subsequently cast out. There are those among my colleagues who believe that this stanza should represent the idea that Lilith, mother of magick

and demoness herself, taught the first Disciplines to Caine. Others see her role as being a midwife to our Father's awakening to his own magickal potential.

What remains to be discovered is the fabled "Cycle of Lilith" which supposedly describes the time Caine spent with Lilith as her servant and lover. Was it merely a dalliance, or could it have been some kind of mystical apprenticeship, during which Lilith gradually drew out of Caine the limitations that the Divine had placed upon him, and slowly Awakened him to his own magickal powers? The fact that she shows trepidation at his drinking her own blood from the Awakening cup might point to her lack of total understanding as to what, exactly, this might do to the First Son of Adam.

We cannot afford to speculate whether the cup causes a hallucination in Caine or whether Caine is actually physically transported to a wilderness somewhere in the Darkness. This is not understood, neither is it explained by the translation of the original text. The original phraseology essentially means "breathed in" or "moved." Both meanings of the word point to either explanation. And we cannot gain much in the debate: it matters not whether Caine was physically transported. Like shamanic visions recorded as a result of ritually consuming hallucinogenics, Caine's experience was as real to him as any journey might be to you or me.

My childe, Beckett, continues to restate his opinion that the Chronicle of Caine is a vampiric parable. I totally disagree, but Beckett is a beloved childe. I will include his studies and findings here, below.

A Parable of Genesis: Recognizing Allegory in the Chronicle of Caine.

Because of the literary distance between the current translations of the text (Dr. deLaurent's translation included) of The Book of Nod, the original intent of the Book has been lost. It is my theory, based on my own researches, that the stories of Caine and Abel, Caine's curse, and his subsequent meeting with Lilith are parables created to tell the tale of the first Kindred in such a way that even the simplest of us can understand them. Through my own scholarship, and drawing upon the work of the fundamental Caine scholars in the world (including some captured writings by a Black Hand worshipper of Caine), I have created a story which I believe harkens back to the original parable of Caine.

In the time after humanity went from a hunter/gatherer society to cultivating farm animals and developing agriculture, there were two tribes, named for their chiefs. They were called the people of Caine and the people of Abel. The people of Abel were herders and animal husbanders, and were more primitive than the people of Caine. They worshipped a great Sun God, who was a warrior who lived in the sky. The people of Caine were agricultural, and were more civilized than the people of Abel. Because it was so important to time the harvest, the people of Caine worshipped the Moon Goddess, the Dark Mother who was both the fertility of Earth and the mystery of the Moon.

Yet, not all of the people were happy. Chief Abel attacked Caine's people, telling them that they were inferior and cursed because they did not hunt like their Sun God hunted. Caine's people did not know much about fighting, but Caine taught them how to use the sharp things that they used to till the soil to kill. When Abel's people came back to torment them again, Caine's people fought back. All of the men, women and children of Abel were killed.

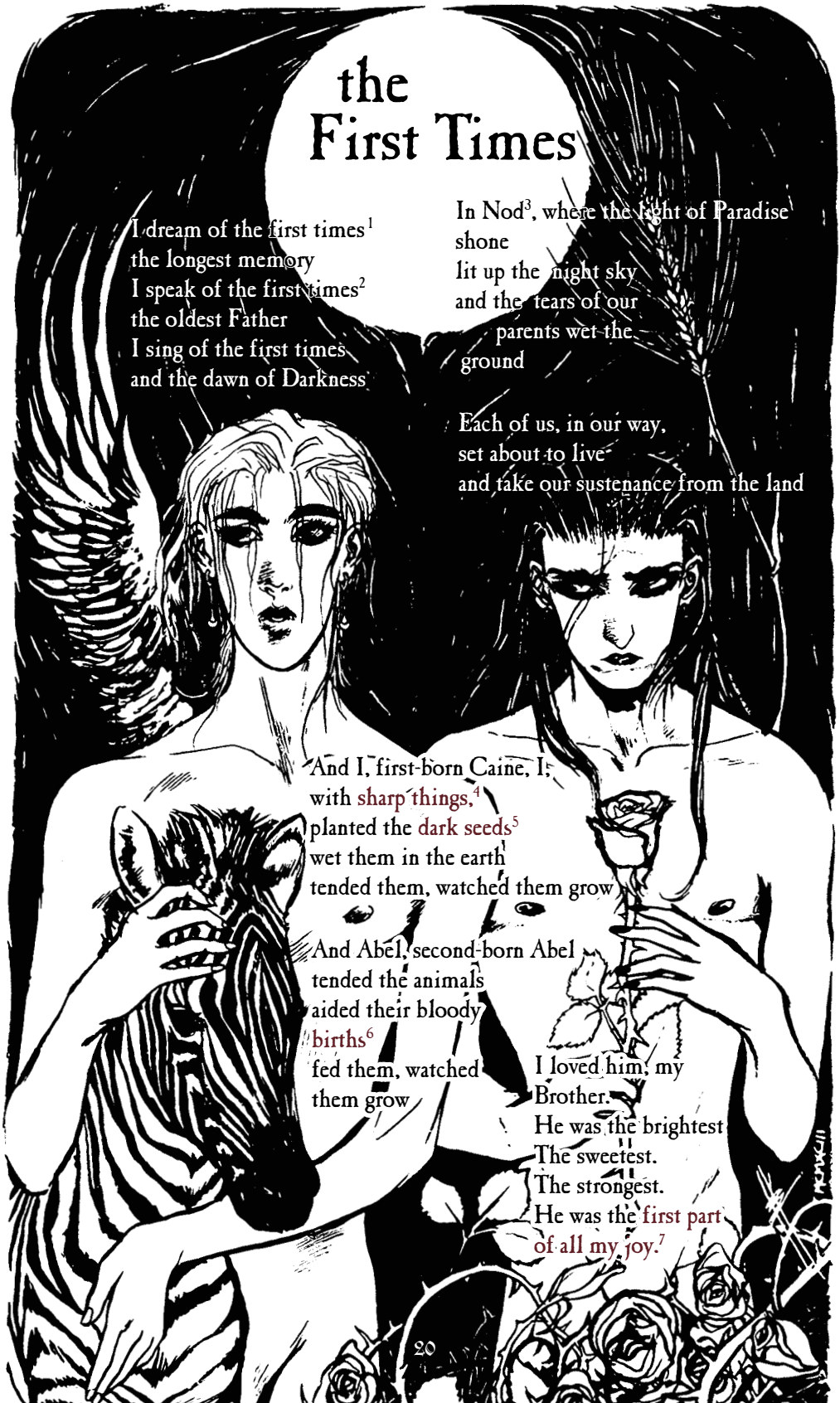
The Sun God of the people of Abel then called them cursed as a people, and laid a blood-curse on all of them, that they would wander without a home in the wilderness. He burned their villages and salted their fields, and told all to turn away from the people of Caine.

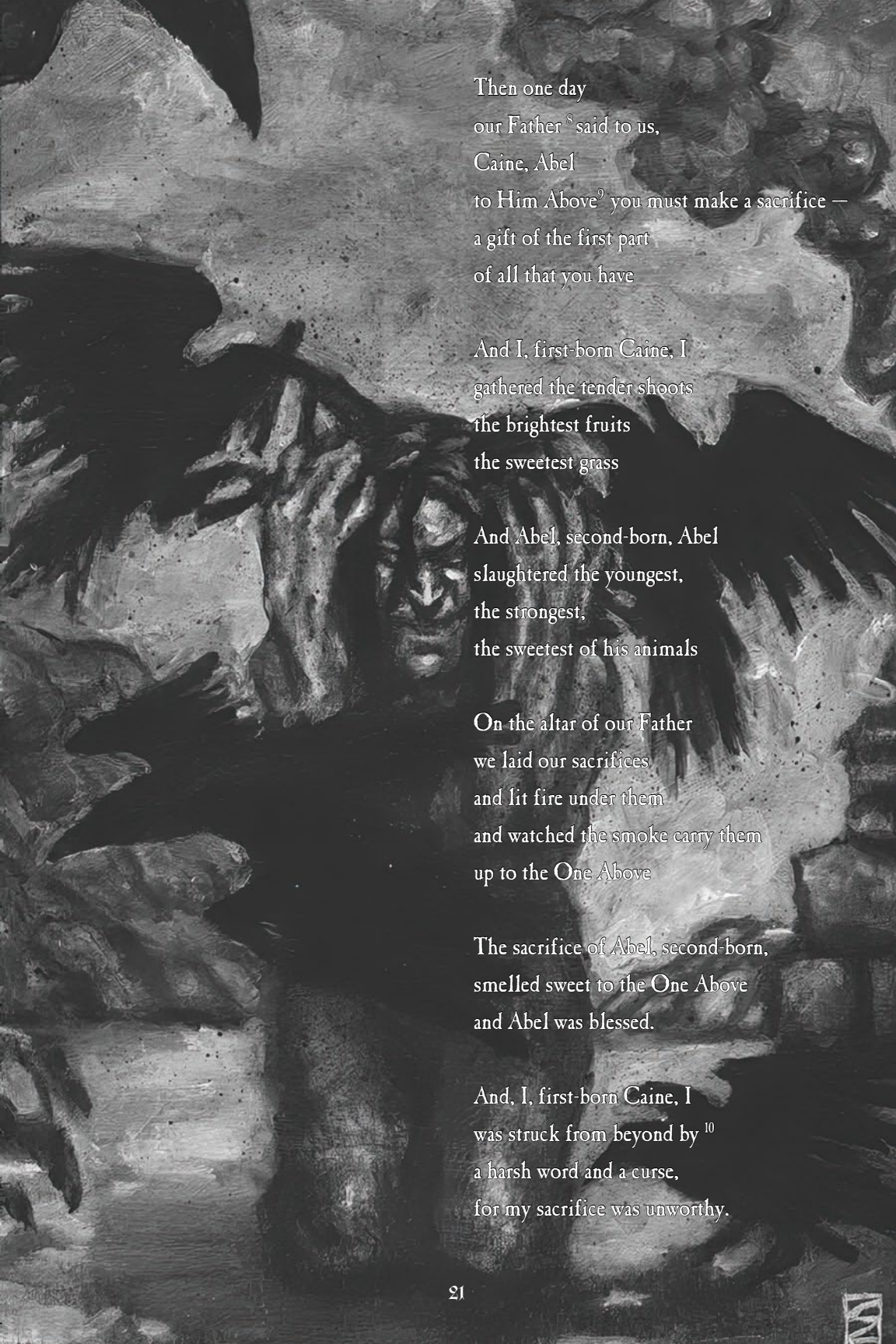
The people of Caine were unable to recover. They wandered in the curse for many weeks, until they had no food to eat and had many troubles. Then the priestess of the Dark Mother, who lived beyond the Moon, came. The priestess offered Caine's people respite, succor, and surcease. She taught them magic, taught them how to hunt, and taught them to drink blood.

The Sun God came to Chief Caine in dreams, and told him and his people to return and subjugate themselves to the will of people of Seth. Chief Caine refused. Then the Sun God told him that all the people of his tribe would be cursed forever, and it was so. But the Dark Mother said that there would always be a way to overcome this curse: if the people of Caine would come to Her, through her mystery, she would free them from the curse of the Sun God.

In this parable, Caine's people (and Caine) represent our need for civilization, the Humanitas that we constantly seek. Abel's people (and Abel) represent our animal natures, our wild selves, the Beast that lies within us. The Dark Mother represents the mystery that guides our very existence: the magic of our blood, the power of Disciplines. We must seek the mystery of Dark Mother while dealing with the legacy left behind by the Sun God— the curse. Ergo, "A Beast I am, lest a Beast I become." Golconda is held out as a final goal, perhaps balancing all these things and showing the transcendence of the Beast Within.

The Chronicle of Caine


the
First Times
I dream of the first times[1]
the longest memory
I speak of the first times[2]
the oldest Father
I sing of the first times
and the dawn of Darkness
In Nod[3], where the light of Paradise shone
lit up the night sky
and the tears of our parents wet the ground
Each of us, in our way,
set about to live
and take our sustenance from the land
And I, first-born Caine, I;
with sharp things,[4]
planted the dark seeds[5]
wet them in the earth
tended them, watched them grow
And Abel, second-born Abel
tended the animals
aided their bloody births[6]
fed them, watched them grow
I loved him, my Brother.
He was the brightest
The sweetest.
The strongest.
He was the first part of all my joy.[7]



Then one day
our Father [8] said to us,
Caine, Abel
to Him Above[9] you must make a sacrifice —
a gift of the first part
of all that you have

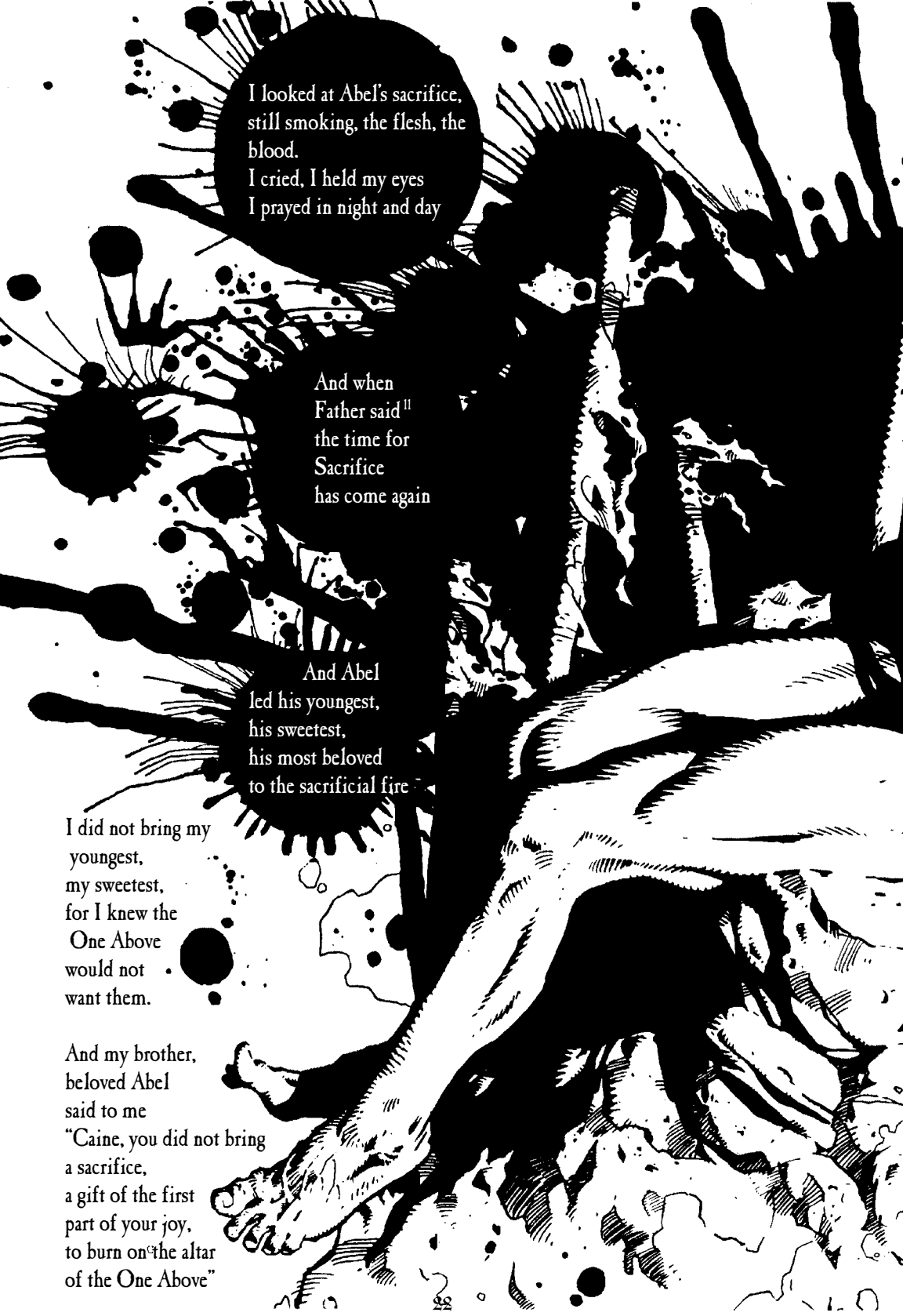
And I, first-born Caine, I
gathered the tender shoots
the brightest fruits
the sweetest grass

And Abel, second-born, Abel
slaughtered the youngest,
the strongest,
the sweetest of his animals

On the altar of our Father
we laid our sacrifices
and lit fire under them
and watched the smoke carry them
up to the One Above

The sacrifice of Abel, second-born,
smelled sweet to the One Above
and Abel was blessed.

And, I, first-born Caine, I
was struck from beyond by [10]
a harsh word and a curse,
for my sacrifice was unworthy.


I looked at Abel's sacrifice,
still smoking, the flesh, the
blood.
I cried, I held my eyes
I prayed in night and day
And when
Father said "
the time for
Sacrifice
has come again
And Abel
led his youngest,
his sweetest,
his most beloved
to the sacrificial fire
I did not bring my
youngest,
my sweetest,
for I knew the
One Above
would not
want them.
And my brother,
beloved Abel
said to me
"Caine, you did not bring
a sacrifice,
a gift of the first
part of your joy,
to burn on the altar
of the One Above"

I cried tears of love as I,
with sharp things,
sacrificed that
which was the
first part of
my joy,
my brother.
ROBINSON
1 9 9 3

And the Blood of Abel[12]

covered the altar

and smelled sweet

as it burned

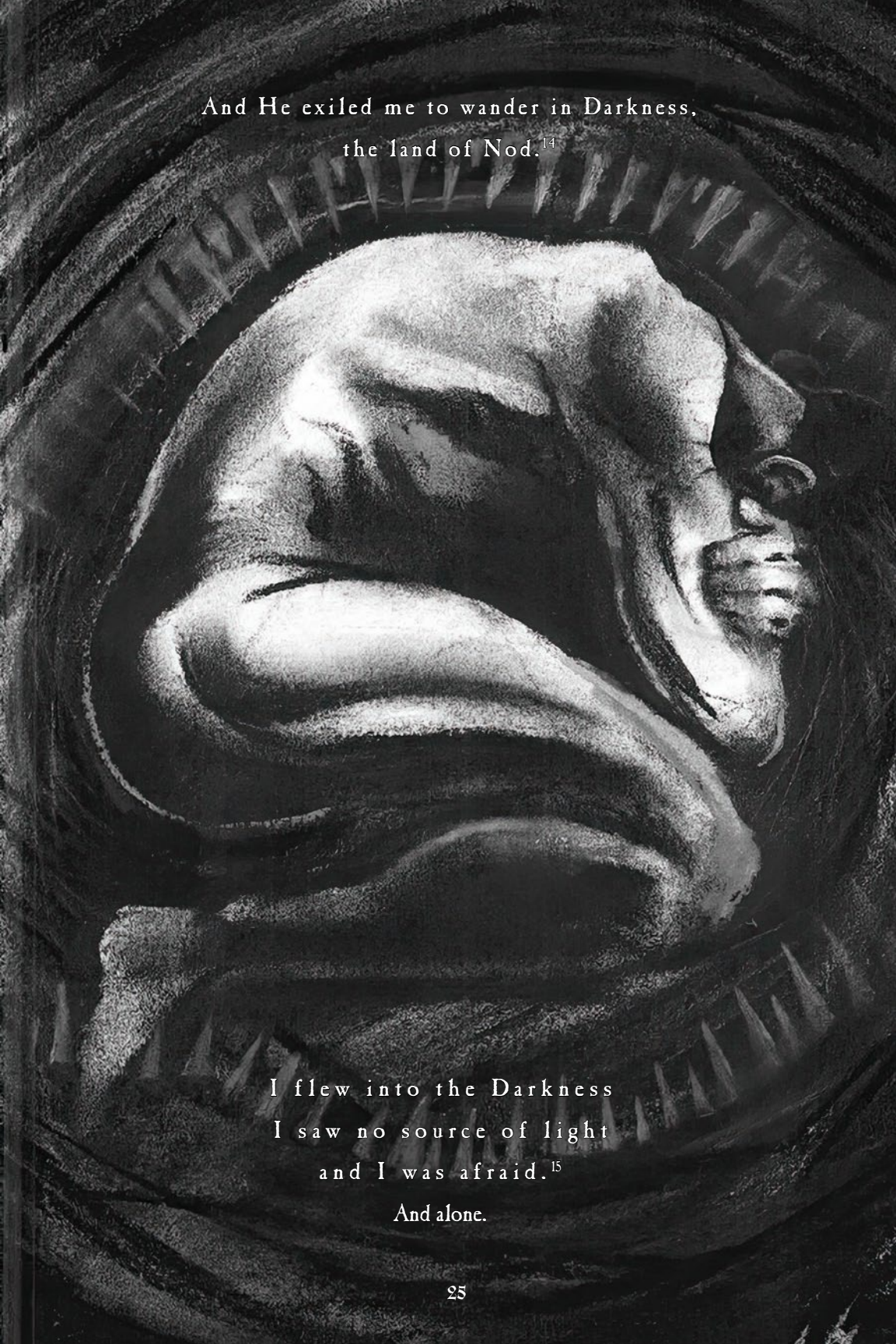
But my Father said

"Cursed are you, Caine,

who killed your brother.

As I was cast out

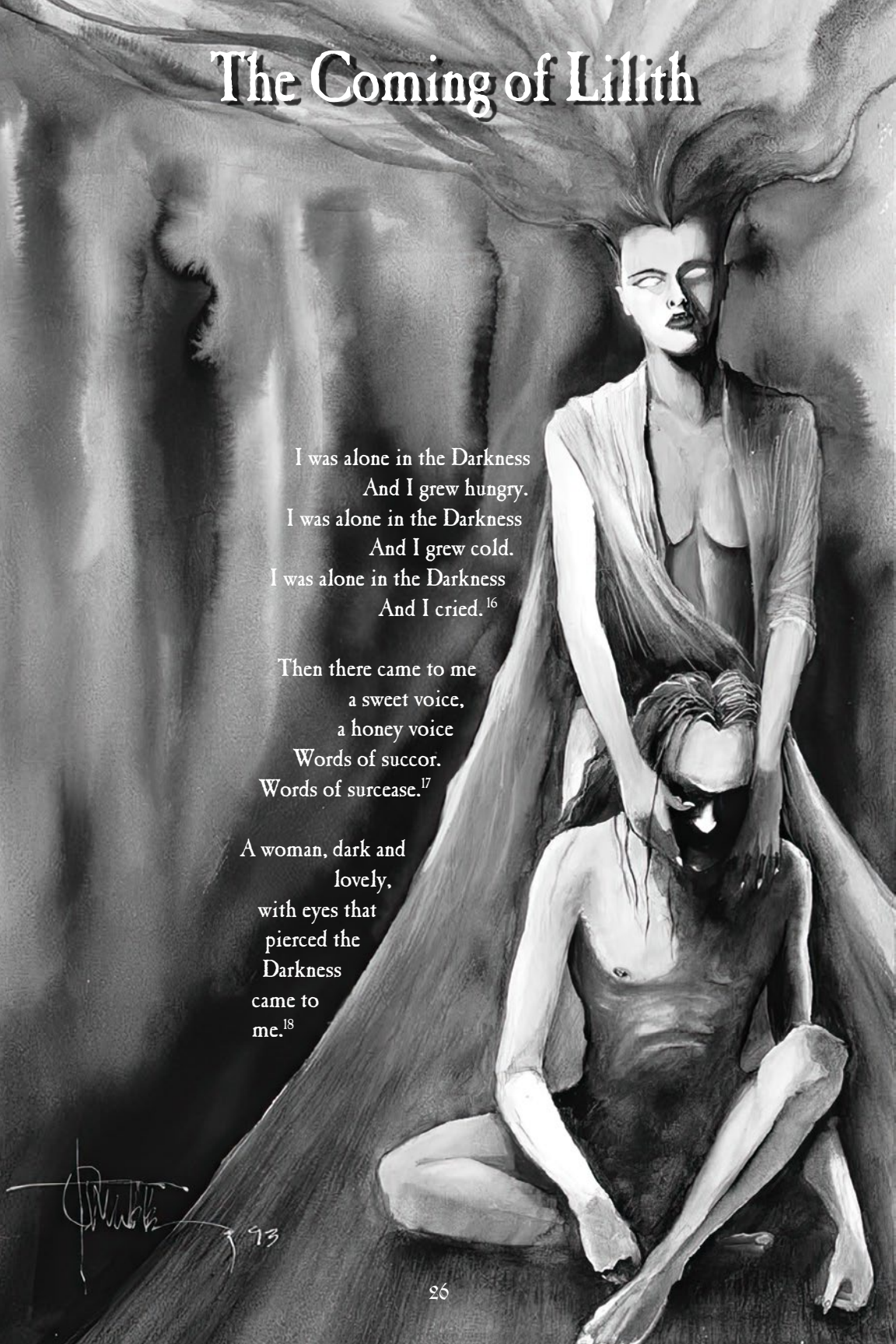
so shall you be."[13]



And He exiled me to wander in Darkness,
the land of Nod.[14]

I flew into the Darkness
I saw no source of light
and I was afraid.[15]
And alone.

The Coming of Lilith



I was alone in the Darkness
And I grew hungry.
I was alone in the Darkness
And I grew cold.
I was alone in the Darkness
And I cried.[16]

Then there came to me
a sweet voice,
a honey voice
Words of succor.
Words of surcease.[17]

A woman, dark and
lovely,
with eyes that
pierced the
Darkness
came to
me.[18]

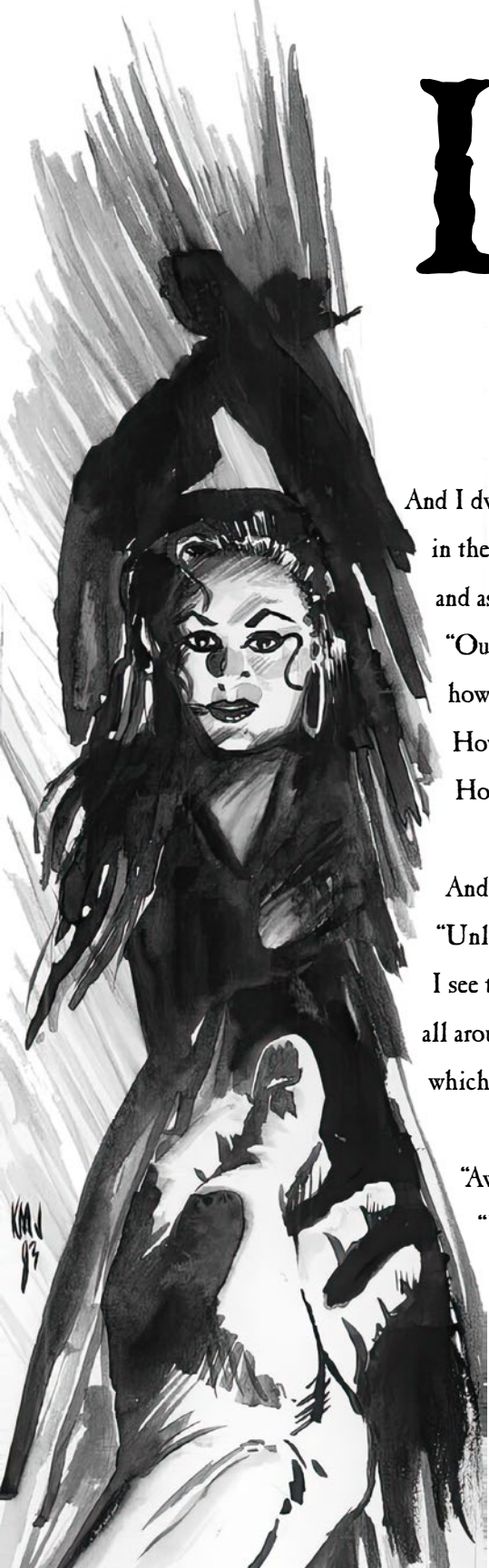
"I know your story, Caine of Nod."
She said, smiling.
"You are hungry. Come! I have food.
You are cold. Come! I have clothes.
You are sad. Come! I have comfort."

"Who would comfort one so Cursed as I?
Who would clothe me?
Who would feed me?"

"I am your Father's first wife,
who disagreed with the One Above
and gained Freedom in the Darkness.
I am Lilith.[19]

Once, I was cold, and there was no warmth for me.
Once, I was hungry, and there was no food for me.
Once, I was sad, and there was no comfort for me."

She took me in, she fed me.
She clothed me.
In her arms, I found comfort.
I cried until blood
trickled from my eyes
and she kissed them away.[20]



Lilith's Magick

And I dwelt for a time
in the House of Lilith[21]
and asked her
"Out of Darkness,
how did you build this place?
How did you make clothes?
How did you grow food?"

And Lilith smiled and said,
"Unlike you, I am Awake.
I see the Threads that spin
all around you. I make that
which I need out of Power."[22]

"Awaken me, then, Lilith," I said.
"I have need for this Power.
Then, I can make my own
clothes,
make my own food,
make my own House."

Worry creased Lilith's brow.
"I do not know what the
Awakening will do for you,
for you are truly Cursed by
your Father.
You could die.
You could be forever changed."

Caine said, "Even so, a life without
Power
will not be worth living.
I would die without your gifts.
I will not live as your Thrall."

Lilith loved me, and I knew this.
Lilith would do what I asked,
though she did not wish it.

And so, Lilith, bright-eyed Lilith,
Awakened me.
She cut herself with a knife
bled for me into a bowl.
I drank deep. It was sweet.[23]

And then I fell into the Abyss.[24]
I fell forever, falling
into the deepest darkness.

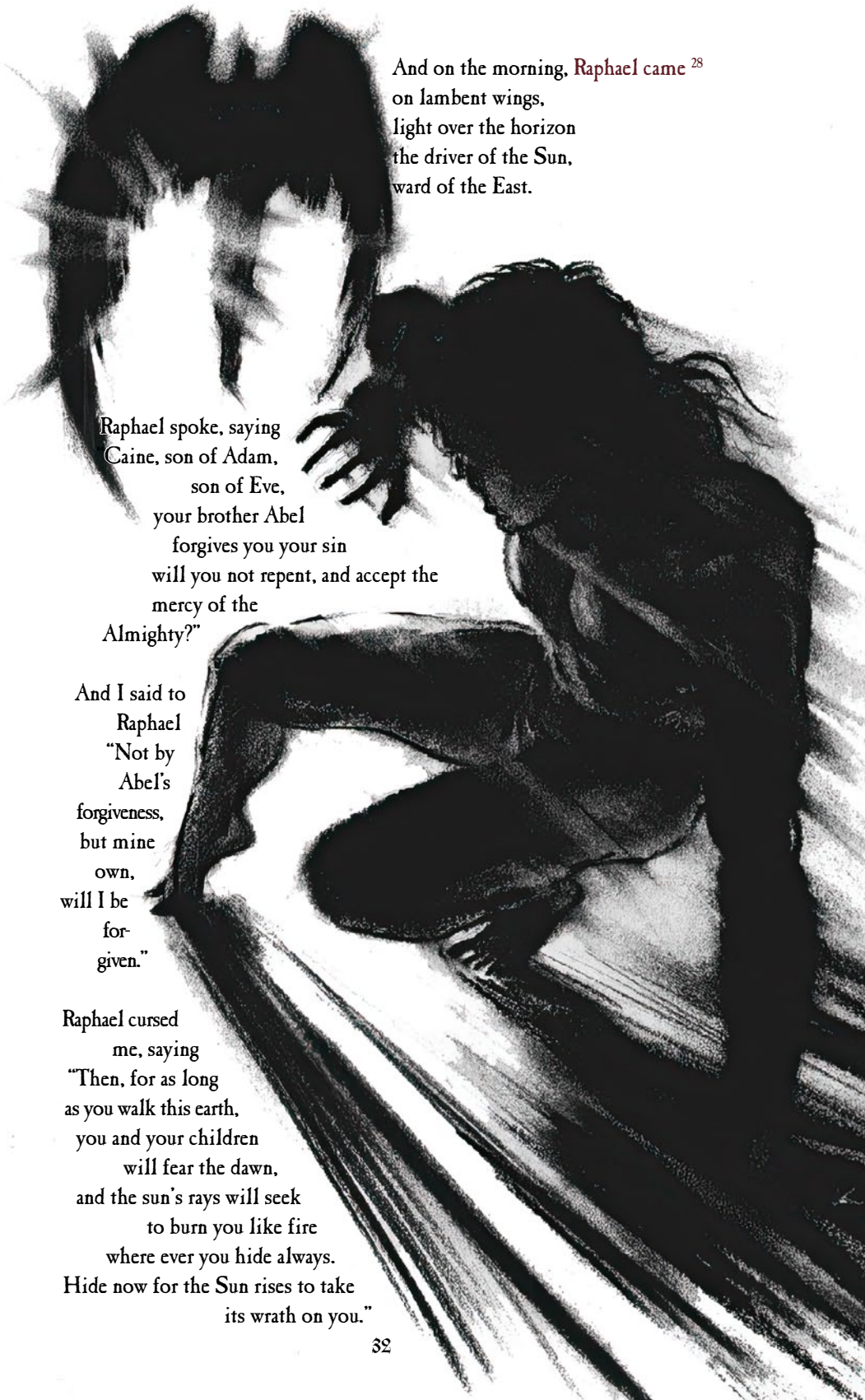
The Temptation of Caine

And from the Darkness
came a bright shining light -
fire in the night.
And the archangel Michael revealed himself [25]
to me.
I was unafraid. I asked his business.

Michael, General of Heaven,
wielder of the holy Flame,
said unto me,
"Son of Adam, Son of Eve, thy crime is great,
and yet the mercy of my Father is
also great.
Will you not repent the evil that you
have done, and let his mercy wash you clean?"

And I said to Michael,
"Not by [the One Above]'s grace, but mine own
will I live, in pride."[26]

Michael cursed me, saying
"Then, for as long as you walk this
earth, you and your children will
fear my living flame, and it will
bite deep and savor your flesh." [27]



And on the morning, Raphael came [28]
on lambent wings,
light over the horizon
the driver of the Sun,
ward of the East.

Raphael spoke, saying
Caine, son of Adam,
son of Eve,
your brother Abel
forgives you your sin
will you not repent, and accept the
mercy of the
Almighty?"

And I said to
Raphael
"Not by
Abel's
forgiveness,
but mine
own,
will I be
for-
given."

Raphael cursed
me, saying
"Then, for as long
as you walk this earth,
you and your children
will fear the dawn,
and the sun's rays will seek
to burn you like fire
where ever you hide always.
Hide now for the Sun rises to take
its wrath on you."

But I found a secret place in the earth
and hid from the burning light of the Sun.
Deep in the earth, I slept until the Light
of the World was hidden behind the mountain
of Night.[29]

When I awoke from my day of sleep,
I heard the sound of gentle rushing wings[30]
and I saw the black wings of Uriel
draped around me —
Uriel, reaper, angel of Death,
dark Uriel who dwells in darkness.

Uriel spoke to me quietly, saying
"Son of Adam, Son of Eve, God Almighty
has forgiven you your sin.
Will you accept his mercy and let me
take you to your reward, no longer cursed?"[31]

And I said to dark-winged Uriel,
"Not by God's mercy, but my own, will I live.
I am what I am, I did what I did,
and that will never change."[32]

And then, through dread Uriel
God Almighty cursed me, saying.[33]
"Then, for as long as you walk this earth,
you and your children will cling to Darkness
You will drink only blood
You will eat only ashes[34]
You will be always as you were at death,
Never dying, living on.
You will walk forever in Darkness,
all you touch will crumble into nothing,
until the last days."

I gave a cry of anguish
at this terrible curse and
tore at my flesh.

I wept blood.
I caught the tears in a cup
and drank them. [35]

When I looked up from my drink of sorrow
the archangel Gabriel
gentle Gabriel
Gabriel, Lord of Mercy
appeared to me.

The archangel Gabriel said unto me,
"Son of Adam, Son of Eve,
Behold, the mercy of the Father is greater
than you can ever know
for even now there is a path opened
a road of Mercy
and you shall call this road [Golconda].[36]
And tell your children of it,
for by that road may they come
once again to dwell in the Light."

J. Tobb

And with that, the darkness
was lifted
like a veil
and the only light was
Lilith's bright eyes.

Looking around me, I knew
that I had Awakened.

When my energies first
surged through me
I discovered
how to move like lightning
[Celerity]
how to borrow the strength
of the earth [Potence]
how to be as stone
[Fortitude]
These were like
breathing once was to me.

Lilith then showed me
how she hides herself from
hunters [Obfuscate]
how she commands
obedience [Dominate]
and how she demands
respect. [Presence]

Then, Awakening myself further, I found
the way to alter forms [Protean]
the way to have dominion over animals [Animalism]
the way to make eyes see past sight [Auspex][37]

Then Lilith commanded that I stop, saying
that
I had over-reached my bounds
That I had gone too far
That I threatened my very essence.

She used her powers and commanded me to
stop.
Because of her power, I heeded her,
but deep within me a seed was planted
a seed of rebellion
and when she turned her face from me,
I opened myself up once more, to the Night,
and saw the infinite possibilities in the stars
and knew that a path of power, a path of
Blood
was mine for the taking,
and so I awakened in me this Final Path,
from which all other paths would grow.

With this newest power, I broke the bonds
that the Lady of Night put on me
I left the Damned Queen that evening,
cloaking myself in shadows,
I fled the lands of Nod
and came at last to a place
where not even her demons could find me.

Zillah's Tale

Let me tell the tale of Zillah[38]
first loved of Caine,
first wife of Caine,
the sweetest blood,
the softest skin,
the clearest eyes.

Alone of Caine's newest Childer,
did Caine desire Her,[39]
and she was not mindful of his
desire, turning away from Him.

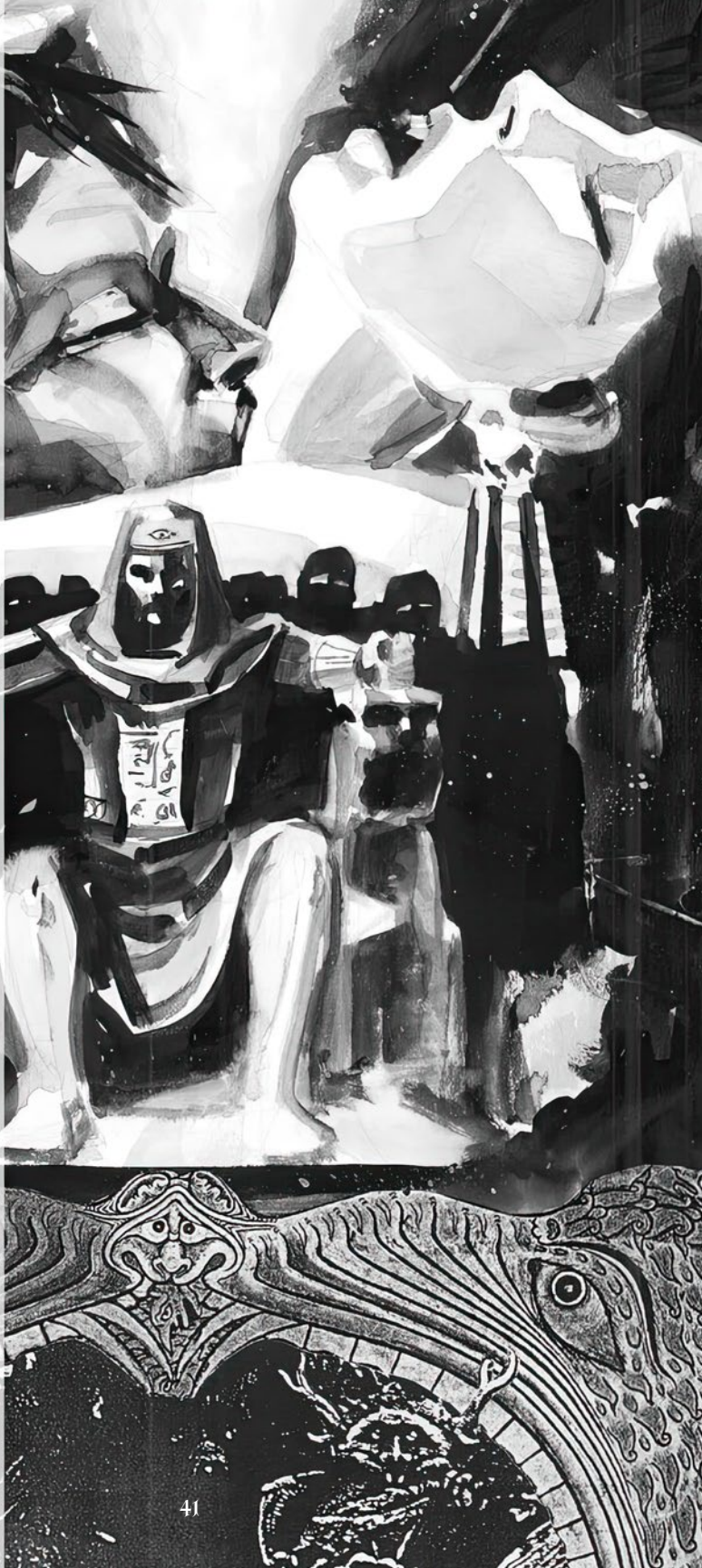
Not gifts, not sacrifices,
not perfumes, not doves,
not beautiful dancers,
not singers, not oxen,
not sculpture, not beautiful clothes,
nothing would turn Zillah's heart
from stone to sweet fruit.

So Caine pulled at his beard[40]
and tore at his hair
and took to roaming the wilderness
at night, thinking of her,
burning for her,
and one night Caine came upon
an old Crone singing to the moon

Caine said to the Crone,
"Why do you sing so?"
And the Crone replied,
"Because I yearn for what I cannot have ..."[41]

Caine said to the Crone,
"I yearn also. What can one do?"
The Crone smiled and said,
"Drink of my blood this night,
Caine, Father of Kindred,
and return tomorrow night.
Then, will I tell you the wisdom of the Moon."[42]
Caine drank at the Crone's bare neck, and departed.

The next night, Caine found the Crone sleeping on a rock.
"Wake up, Crone," Caine said.
"I have returned."
The Crone opened one eye and said,
"I dream of the solution for you this night. Drink once more of me,
and then return tomorrow night.
Bring a bowl of clay.
Bring a sharp knife.
I will have your answer then."



Once again, Caine took blood from the Crone,
who immediately fell back into a deep slumber.

When Caine returned the next night,
the Crone looked up at him and smiled,
"Greetings, Lord of the Beast," the Crone said.[43]
"I have the wisdom you seek."
"Take some of my blood,
into the bowl you have,
and mix in these berries
and these herbs,
and drink deep of the elixir."

"You will be irresistible.
You will be potent.
You will be masterful.
You will be ardent.
You will be glowing.
The heart of Zillah will melt
like the snows in spring."

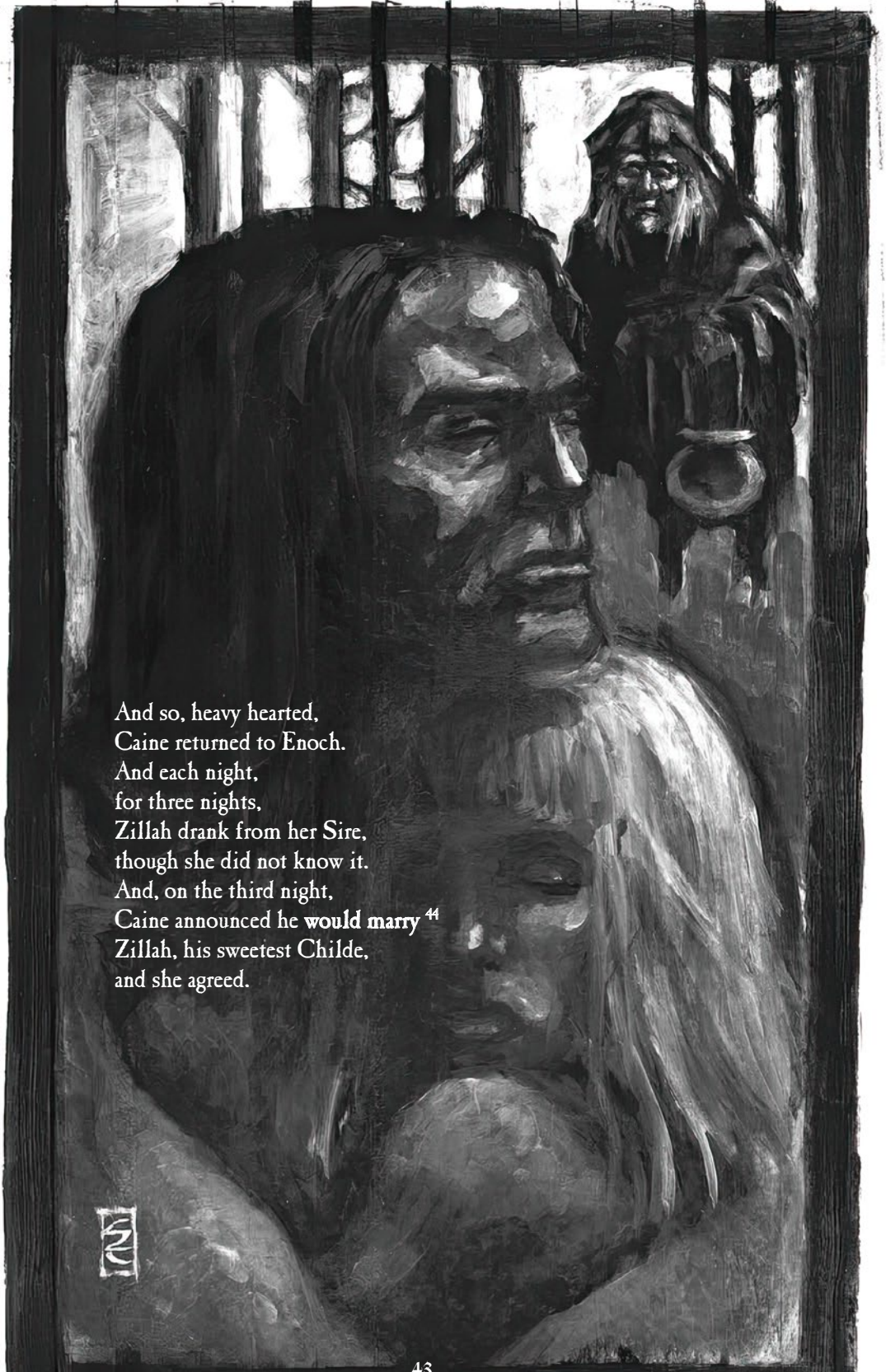
And so, Caine drank from the Crone's elixir,
because he was so in love with Zillah,
and he so desired her love in return.

And the Crone laughed. The Crone laughed aloud.
She had tricked him! She had trapped him!
Caine was angry beyond compare.
Caine reached out with his powers,
to rend this Crone apart with his strength.

The Crone cackled and said, "Do not."
And Caine could do nothing against her.
The Crone chuckled and said, "Love me."
And Caine could do nothing but stare into her
ancient eyes, desire her leathery skin.
The Crone laughed and said, "Make me immortal."

And Caine Embraced her. She cackled again,
laughed with the pure ecstasy of the Embrace,
for it did not pain her.

"I have made you powerful, Caine of Enoch,
Caine of Nod,
but you will forever be bound to me.
I have made you master of all,
but you will never forget me!
Your blood, potent as it is now,
will bond those who drink it,
as you did, once a night for three nights.
You will be the master.
They will be your thrall, as you are mine.
For though Zillah will love you, as you wanted,
you will love me, forever. Go now, and claim your
lovely bride. I will wait for you in the darkest
places, while I brew more potions for your health."



And so, heavy hearted,
Caine returned to Enoch.
And each night,
for three nights,
Zillah drank from her Sire,
though she did not know it.
And, on the third night,
Caine announced he **would marry** [44]
Zillah, his sweetest Childe,
and she agreed.

The Tale of the Crone

For a year and a day[45]
Caine labored in service
to a Crone, who with blood-wisdom,
bound him as surely
as any prisoner.

She would visit him at night
force him to give up his blood
for her secret elixirs
and potent formulas

She would take his Childer's Childer,
and they would never be heard from again.

But Caine was wise. He did not drink
from her ever again.
And she did not ask him to, thinking
that he was ever in her Thrall.

One night, Caine went to the Crone
in the forest,
and told her of terrible dreams
that he had during his sleep.

"I fear for my life, Crone,
I fear the prophecy of Auriel,
and my Children's lust for my blood.
Tell me secret knowledge, that I might
be powerful against my own."

And the Crone went to a tree
made of gopher wood,[46]
and broke off a limb.
She took a sharp knife
and sharpened the limb.

"Take this piece of living wood,
sharp, strong,
pierce the heart of your wayward childe.
It will render him still,
and yours to command.
Instead of feasting on your heart's blood,
he will feel the weight of your justice."

Caine said, "Thank you, Mother," and
With that, moving in quick movements,
Caine took the stake of gopher wood,
seized it and drove it
deep within the Crone's heart.

Because Caine, wise Caine
had fed not upon her for a year and a day
and because he forced his Will through
his hands, he broke the Bond she held
on him, and turned his fortune.

She laughed again, as blood welled up
and poured out of her mouth.
Her eyes poured out hate.

Caine
kissed her
once, kissed her
cold, withered lips,
and left her there
to Raphael's gentle smile;
the sun that rises.

THE TALE OF THE FIRST CITY

In the beginning there was only Caine
Caine who [sacrificed] his brother out of [love].[47]
Caine who was cast out.
Caine who was cursed forever with immortality.
Caine who was cursed with the lust for blood,
It is Caine from whom we all come,
Our Sire's Sire.

For the passing of an age he lived in [the land of Nod],
In loneliness and suffering
For an eon he remained alone
But the passing of memory drowned his sorrow.
And so he returned to the world of mortals,
To the world his brother [Seth, third-born of Eve,]
and [Seth's children]
had created.

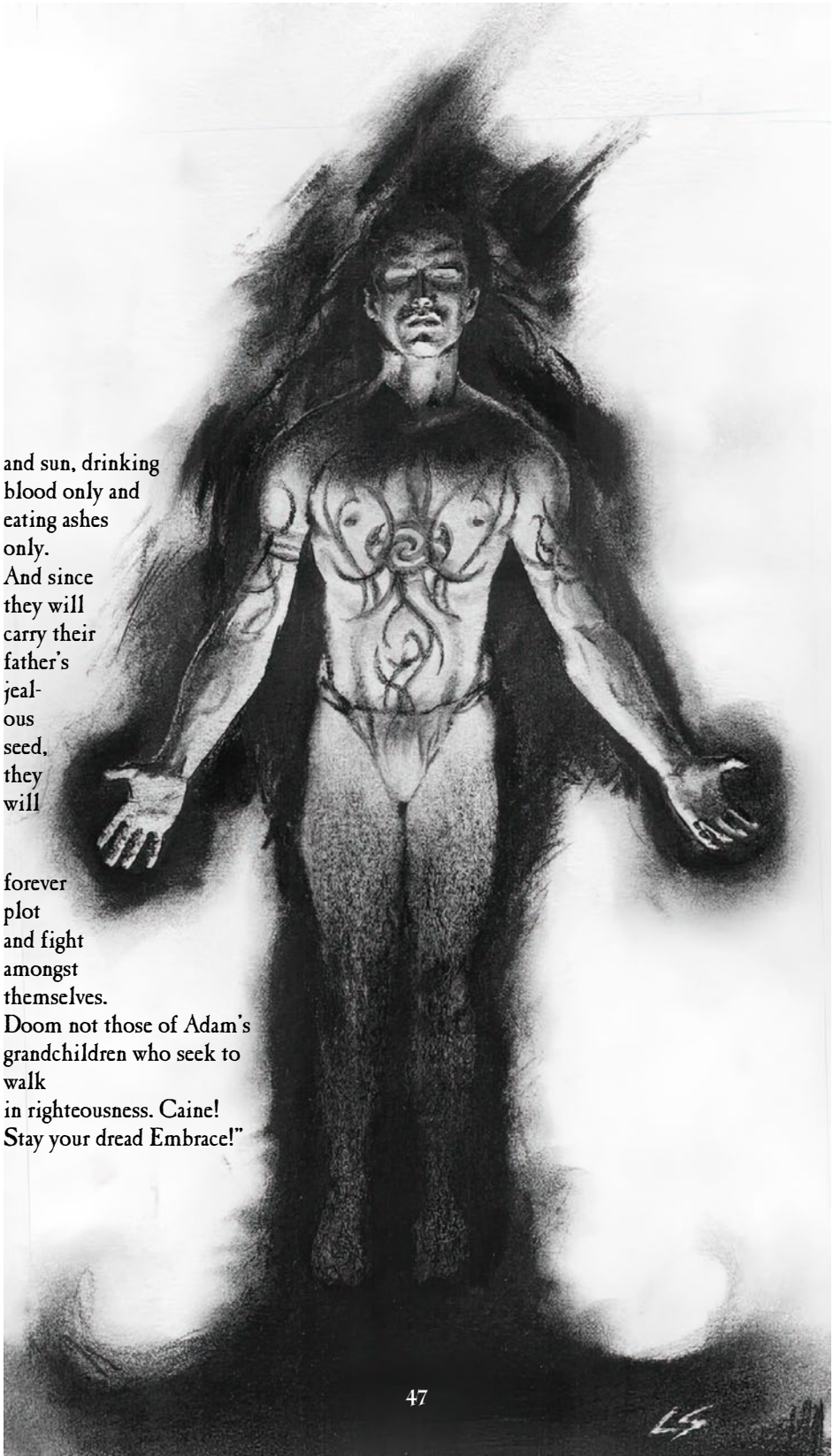
He returned and was made welcome.
[For none would turn against him,
due to the Mark that was laid upon him]
The people saw his power and worshipped him,
[He grew powerful, and his power was strong,
his ways of awe and command were great]

[And the Children of Seth made] him King
of their great City, The First City.

But Caine grew lonely in his Power.
Deep within him, the seed of loneliness blossomed, and grew a dark flower
He saw within his blood the potence of fertility
By calling up demons
and listening to whispered wisdom
He learned the way to make a child for his own.
He came to know its power, and, doing so, decided to Embrace one of those near him.

And, lo, Uriel, Dread Uriel, revealed himself to Caine
that very night
and said to him,

"Caine, though powerful you are, and marked of God,
know you this: that any Childe you make will
bear your curse, that any of your Progeny will forever walk in the Land of Nod, and fear flame



and sun, drinking
blood only and
eating ashes
only.
And since
they will
carry their
father's
jeal-
ous
seed,
they
will

forever
plot
and fight
amongst
themselves.
Doom not those of Adam's
grandchildren who seek to
walk
in righteousness. Caine!
Stay your dread Embrace!"

48
J. Cobb

Still, Caine knew what he must do, and a young man
named Enosh, who was the most beloved of Seth's kin,
begged to be made Son to the dark Father.
And Caine, mindful though he was of Uriel's words,
seized Enosh, and wrapped him in the dark Embrace.

And so, it came to pass that Caine beget Enoch and, so doing, named the First City Enoch.
And, so doing, did Enoch beg for a brother, a sister, and Caine, indulgent Father,
gave these to him, and their names were Zillah, whose blood was most-favored of Caine,
and Irad, whose strength served Caine's arm.

And these Kindred of Caine learned the ways
of making Progeny of their own, and
they Embraced more of Seth's kin, unthinking.

And then wise Caine said, "An end to this crime.
There shall be no more."
And as Caine's word was the law, his Brood obeyed him.

The city stood for many ages,
And became the center of a mighty Empire.
Caine grew close to those not like him.
The [children of Seth] knew him
And he, in turn, knew them

But the world grew dark with sin.
Caine's children wandered here and there, indulging their dark ways

Caine felt anger when his children fought
He discovered deceit when he saw them

make word-war
He knew sadness when he saw them abuse [the children of Seth]

Caine read the signs
in the darkening sky,
but said nothing.

Then came the great Deluge, a great flood that washed over the world.
The City was destroyed,
the children of Seth with it.

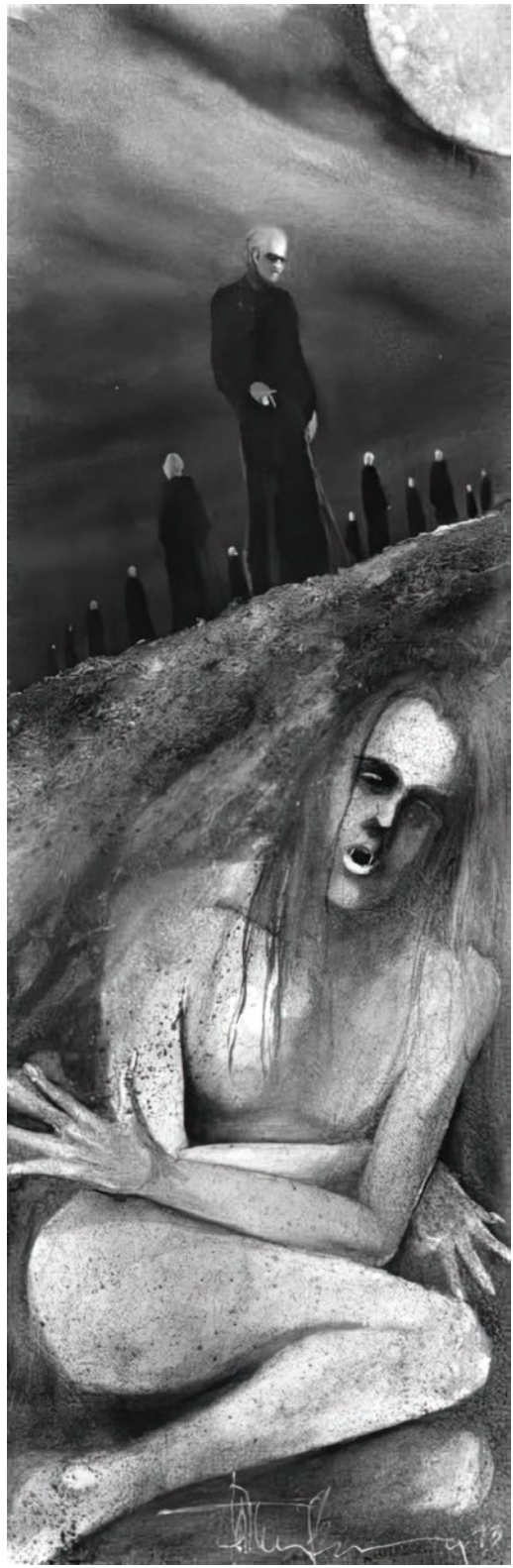
Again, Caine fell into great sorrow and went into solitude.
And he left us, his Progeny, to our own ends.

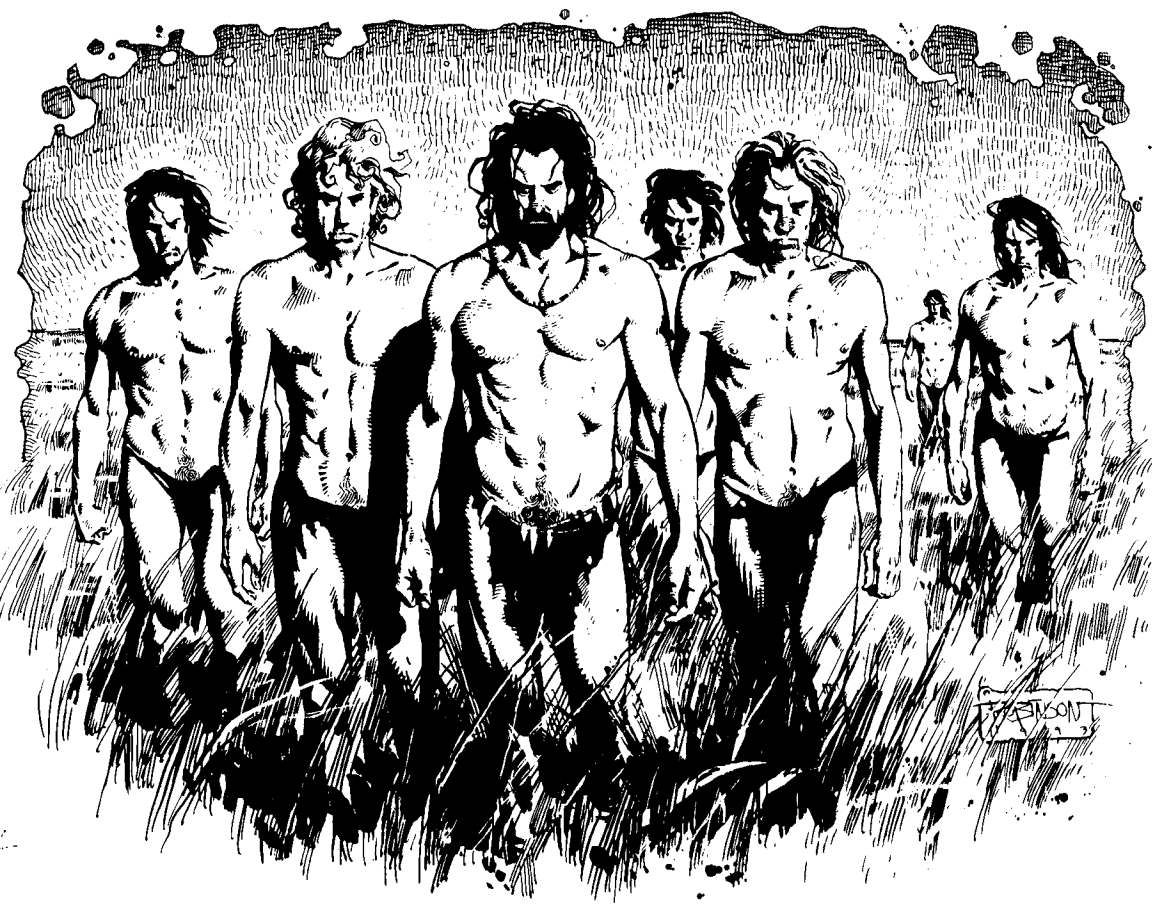
We found him, after much searching,
deep in the earth,
and he bade us go, saying
that the Flood was a punishment,
for his having returned to the world of life
And subverting the true law.
He asked us to go, so that he might sleep.

So we returned alone to find the children of Noah,
And announced that we were the new rulers.
Each created a Brood
In order to claim the glory of Caine,
Yet we did not have his wisdom or restraint.
A great war was waged, the Elders against their Children,
just as Uriel had said,
And the Children slew their parents.

They rose up
Used fire and wood
Swords and claws
To destroy those who had created them

The rebels then built a new city.
Out of the fallen Empire,
they collected the Thirteen clans
that had been scattered by the Great War,
and brought them all together,





They brought in the Kingship Clan [Ventrue],
the Clan of the Beast [Gangrel],
the Moon Clan [Malkavian],
the Clan of the Hidden [Nosferatu],
the Wanderer Clan [Ravnos],
the Clan of the Rose [Toreador],
the Night Clan [Lasombra],
the Clan of Shapers [Tzimisces],
the Snake Clan [Setites],
the Clan of Death [Giovanni],
the Healer's Clan [Saulot],
the Clan of the Hunt [Assamites],
and the Learned Clan [Brujah].

They made a beautiful city,
and the people worshipped them as gods.
They created new Progeny of their own,
the Fourth Generation of Cainites.

But they feared the Jyhad,
the Prophecy of Uriel,
And it was forbidden for those Children
To create others of their kind.
This power their Elders kept for themselves.
When a Childe was created, it was hunted down and killed,
and its Sire with it.

Although Caine was away from us,
we did feel his careful eye watching us,
and we knew that he marked our movements
and our ways.

He cursed [Malkav], when that one defamed his image
and doomed him to insanity, forever.

When [Nosferatu] was found indulging his tastes
in foul ways with his own Children,
Caine laid his hand on [Nosferatu],
and told him that he would forever wear his evil
and twisted his visage.
He cursed us all, for killing the first part of his Children, the Second Generation,
As we had hunted them down one by one,
Zillah the Beautiful, Irad the Strong, and Enoch First-Ruler.

And we mourned them all, as we were all of a kind,
and all of the families of Caine's childer.

Though this city was as great as Caine's, eventually
It grew old.
As do all living things, it slowly began to die.
The gods at first did not see the truth,
And when they at last looked about them it was too late.

For, as Uriel had said,
the seed of Evil planted blossomed as a blood-red rose,
and [Troile], the Child of his Child's Child
rose up, and slew his Father, Brujah.
And ate of his flesh.
Then war wracked the city
And nothing could ever be as it was.

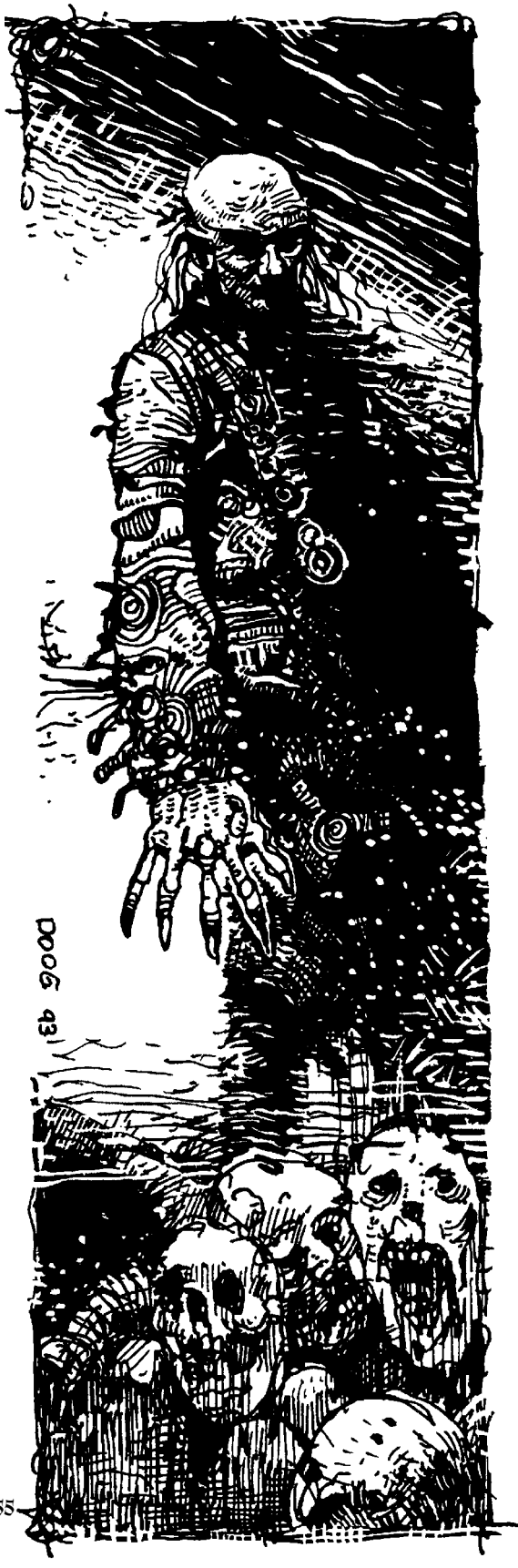
The Thirteen saw their city destroyed and their power extinguished,
And they were forced to flee, their Progeny along with them.
But many were killed in the flight, for they had grown weak.
With their authority gone, all were free to create their own Broods,

And soon there were many new Kindred,
Who ruled across the face of the Earth.
But this could not last.

Over time, there came to be too many of the Kindred
And then there was war once again,
The Elders were already deep in hiding,
For they had learned caution,
But their Children had founded their own cities and Broods,
And it is they who were killed in the great wave of war.
There was war so total, that there are none of that Generation
To speak of themselves any longer.
Waves of mortal flesh were sent across continents
In order to crush and burn the cities of the Kindred.
Mortals thought they were fighting their own wars.
But it is for us that they spilt their blood.

Once this war was over,
All of the Kindred hid from one another
And from the humans that surrounded them.
In hiding we remain today,
For the Jyhad continues still.

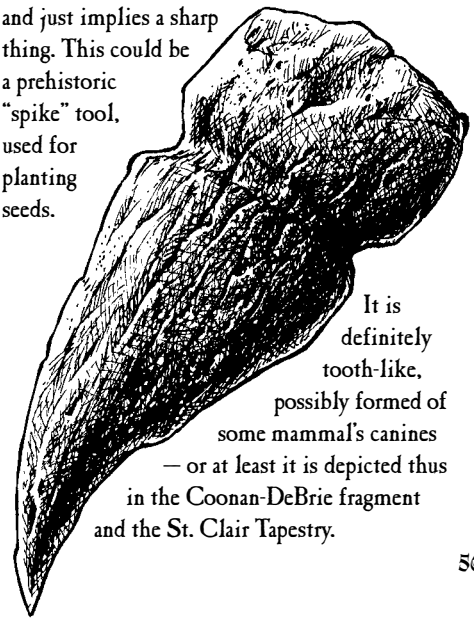
And none will say when Caine will arise again,
from his sleep in the earth,
and call for the city Gehenna,
the Last City, the City of Judgment.
The Jyhad continues still.



Notes to the "Chronicle of Caine"

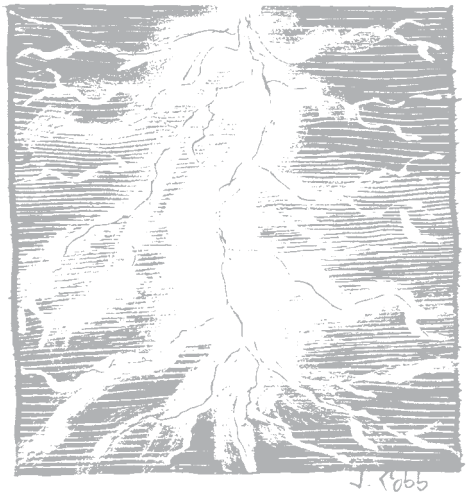
1. The "first times" discussed in this stanza have been researched thoroughly by myself and my fellow Kindred. The original text speaks of a time "before." The oldest piece of the Book of Nod has been dated just before the time of Sumer, around 4500 B.C.

2. I assume in this that the first stanza is the original narrator, perhaps the first translator of Caine's story.
3. "Nod" in this case, meaning, the "Unknown Lands" — supposedly the lands outside of Eden, which were not named at that time.
4. Latin translation reads "With a plowshare." The translation is from the original Sumerian, and just implies a sharp thing. This could be a prehistoric "spike" tool, used for planting seeds.



It is definitely tooth-like, possibly formed of some mammal's canines — or at least it is depicted thus in the Coonan-DeBrie fragment and the St. Clair Tapestry.

5. That Caine was originally a farmer would fall into line with his existence in the myth as a Sun King/Dying God figure, much like the character of Dumuzi/Tammuz in the Inanna/Ishtar myth.
6. Blood in birth in this case, of course, perhaps being a result of the recent Fall. Note that this is the first instance of the word "blood" in the narrative. The translational sense of the word is more along the lines of what we would consider 'blood' rather than the 'vitæ' cognate, which implies some extra virtue or potency.
7. The "first part" is a phrase repeated throughout the Book of Nod. It means essentially, "the best," the "cream."
8. "Father," in this specific case, generally thought to be Adam.
9. I am translating this as exactly as possible. Because of the nature of the myth, one can easily assume that this is the God of the Hebrews and later Christianity. However, because this is not specifically stated in the text, I do not wish to color the narrative with possible inter-religious complexities.



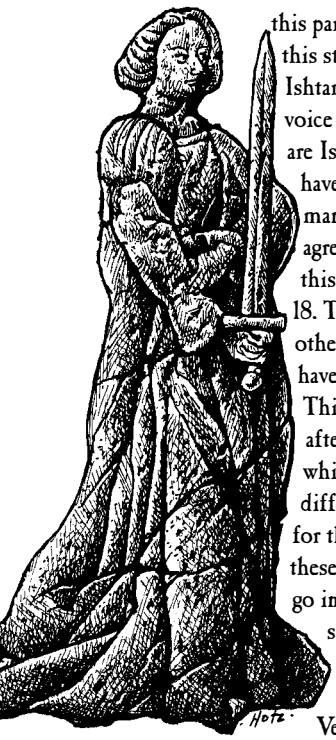
10. "Struck from beyond" might have been a lightning bolt. In some Latinate translations, it is a "bolt from beyond."
11. "Father", again, is probably Adam.
12. In this case, "blood" is written as the cognate to "vitæ."

13. This stanza has confused many scholars, including myself. I have chosen to represent it as my particular translation, which is that it is Adam who is the "Father" in this stanza, and it is Adam who casts Caine out. The reasoning behind this is that the One Above never speaks directly to Caine: it is only through a medium that the One communicates Its will to Caine, as we will see. Furthermore, the word "Father" in the previous stanzas has always meant Adam. This contrasts heavily with the Genesis story, but it is internally consistent, and since Caine himself is said to have originated this particular narrative, we can take it on better authority perhaps than Noah, who penned Genesis. There are other interpretations, of course. In New York, Beckett once met a member of the Sabbat who claimed this section referred to our "true" father — Satan. He watched my childe closely when he said this, and then something which Beckett can only describe as an imp appeared on his shoulder. We have gone to great pains to not deal with this vampire again.

14. Here, now, we get the basic idea behind the "Land of Nod." No longer is it simply "not Eden," but it is now to be considered the "Exiled Lands." "Nod" in the Hebraic translation of the text is basically "the wandering lands." This is perhaps because Adam has established himself outside of Paradise and has created a territorial boundary between himself and the rest of the world: thus "Nod" is the same wilderness he was banished to, but now it is Caine who is leaving. One would think perhaps that Adam would have been a little more sympathetic to this, his last remaining son. However, it is possible that Adam's words in this were "divinely inspired" or perhaps inspired out of rage. Thus, we see the traditional tragic, tumultuous lives of all vampires as being indicative of their origins. Beckett says this parallels the relationship all vampires have with their sires, but I like to think our own continued alliance proves this hypothesis incorrect.

15. This stanza is quite important to the "Dying God" myth-perspective of Caine. Caine is destined for darkness, a dark land where he will learn much wisdom. This may refer to our own journey into death, from which our sires tear us when they feed us their own rich vitæ.

16. These three things, hunger, cold, and fear (or sadness) still obviously attribute Caine with human feelings and failings. Caine is not yet a "vampire" in the traditional sense. He is, however, clearly cursed.



17. It was hard not to use Ishtar for this particular translation, for this stanza seems to speak of Ishtar: certainly her honey-voice and words of surcease are Ishtar's. Lilith would have to do, however, as many of the original works agree that it was Lilith in this narrative.

18. This stanza, and the others that follow here, I have seen in another form. This is the highly sought-after "Cycle of Lilith" which appears in many different forms. In looking for the original text for these stanzas, I was forced to go into the labyrinthine and saturnine depths of the world of the Diabolists. I started in Venice, where I met with some of the Order of the Black Rose, dark monks, some of whom had to communicate with sign language because their tongues had been severed and then mummified as magical talismans. I soon found that they hungered for Kindred blood, and I was able to parley some of my own vitæ for information that led me to Boston, Massachusetts, in America.

There I met with a woman by the name of Selina, who at first refused to speak to me about the diabolic Cycle of Lilith, but then allowed me to continue for some bizarre mystical purpose. She said that the "Dark One Herself" asked to let me pass with the knowledge. I was followed through the streets of Boston by the Dark Clan themselves (the Nosferatu) until I got to a special bookstore: it is this bookstore that had, in their back shelves, a few fragments of the Cycle of Lilith behind glass. I was allowed to view it for a few moments before the shop owner returned.

The older man cursed loudly when he saw me, and showed me the door quite firmly. I stood outside the door and heard the man berate his employee in some detail. They believed to be speaking confidentially because they were speaking in a dialect of Italian native to Venice, but I had learned that dialect quite fluently and was able to listen for quite some time. I discovered that they were part of a dark circle of devil-worshippers, and followed the older man later that evening back to the cemetery where they held their rites.

Although I was not able to find the devil-worshippers in the cemetery, I did have a very strange encounter in the graveyard nonetheless. A woman appeared from the fog as if by magic. By her aura I knew her to be Kindred, but could not guess how old or of what clan she was. She came to me and showed me a book bound in silver and holding a complete translation of the Cycle of Lilith. She silenced me immediately, commanding me not to ask anything as long as she stood there. I had to obey.

I was able to look at the tome and read it while she smiled at me in the light of a candle. Then she took the book, kissed me once on the forehead, and was gone into the night before I could ask her another question. I can't imagine who this mysterious woman was, but I do think that she is in some way connected with the spirit-form of Lilith, for her powers of command were great, and she had a presence about her that was ancient. I can only thank her for the opportunity to glance at that fabled volume, and I think that this translation benefits singularly from her intervention.

19. It might be noted that Genesis speaks not at all of Lilith, the first wife of Adam. She is a creature of the Midrashim, the Hebrew parables. She is depicted as a demoness, cursed by God Himself because she would not be subservient to Adam. Lilith has apparently, at least in this narrative, spent some time in the Land of Nod, and has built up her own power in this place. She apparently has comfort where no one else could take it. This doesn't speak well for her being a demoness, and thus confined to Hell, but then again Hell wasn't a very populous place around this time in history.

20. Here is a major inconsistency in the narrative, and I have fought for many years to retain it, for

I feel that it points at the fundamental flaw of the Book of Nod translations to date: where did the blood-tears of Caine come from, if not from the original Curse? Was he then a vampire at that point? When did he exactly begin crying blood? When did he become a vampire? This is a nebulous point still. But I leave the inconsistency in because I do not want this point to remain "glossed over" into history. My childe Beckett uses this point to bolster his allegorical fancies. Even now, he travels to Harvard college, there to study some ancient texts discovered in a well in the Sudan. He keeps hoping to discover some more of what he calls "antediluvian" mural works, the poor boy.

21. There has been argument on both sides of the following issue: Was Caine imprisoned in Lilith's house, under her control, or did Caine stay there as an honored guest? This question is never fully answered, but might lend an interesting perspective if it could be proved one way or the other. Perhaps, as some have suggested, the situation involved a little of both.

22. I have translated these words specifically in this fashion out of the advice of one Haphaestus, a friend of mine who was once a part of the mystical Tradition known as the Order of Hermes. He maintains that Lilith was no woman, no demonness, but rather an original mage, and that she used her own particular magickal qualities to "Awaken" Caine's magickal potential as well. This is the story of that awakening. I believe that what he says has merit, and it certainly fits in the translation of the story. If it is true that Caine was a wizard as well as Lilith, then the Tremere may indeed be "closest to Caine" — a theory to which Beckett violently objects.

23. Hephaestus indicates that this stanza may point to Lilith being perhaps the founder or one of the first supplicants in the magick Tradition known as Verbena, which uses blood in its rituals.

24. This is often translated as "And then I fell into Hell." I did not feel that the original text was attempting to say this, and I felt that Abyss seemed to indicate a less Judeo-Christian sort of place of torture.

25. Once again, not to cross-mythologize too much, but I could do nothing else but translate the Angels into Angels and Michael into Michael, even though the "shining ones" mentioned in the original text do not specifically seem to be angels. I was unable to come up with a cognate that would fit. Still, I feel that they do not hamper the overall "feel" of the narrative, and so they remain. Their traditional Cabalistic correspondences also remain as they were originally written.

26. This is perhaps a strong rebuff of the "One Above." Caine seems to still be angry about his exile.

27. This is the legendary "Curse of Fire." It is perhaps among the strongest curses of the day. It set up an eternal enmity between the Kindred and the singular source of life in the world: the fire. Fire was the mortals' way of keeping out the darkness, the wolves. It provided a center of community and allowed them to create new technologies. This put us out of that light forever, and was designed to make us outcast forever. It is perhaps this particular curse which also made hospitality so important among the Kindred.

28. Raphael being the Archangel of the Dawn.

29. An early survival instinct, obviously. Caine instinctively seeks the earth.

30. Uriel's role as the Angel of Death would place him in the ultimate position to be the vessel of God's judgment on Caine. Only through Uriel would God Himself choose to punish our Father.

31. Note here that Uriel is offering not to preserve Caine, but rather to "take him to his reward," i.e., death.

32. Is this a mockery of the more traditional "I am that I am" phrase of the Bible?

33. The first use of the freely translated words, "God Almighty."

34. "Eating ashes" is thought to be a metaphor for the tragic vampire existence. I can find no other reference to "eating ashes," and can only assume it is an idiom which cannot be translated. Other versions of the Book of Nod have translated "eating ashes" into "knowing only sadness."

35. This is perhaps a poetic statement. It certainly emphasizes that Caine is consuming his own sadness.

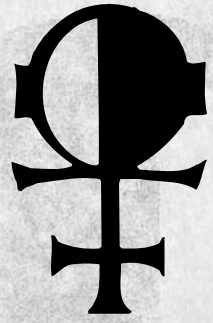
36. The fact that there is an important diamond city in India also called Golconda may or may not have bearing to this particular stanza. I am beginning to think that the term was originally coined by Saulot, who was known to travel to the Far and Middle East on quests of enlightenment.

37. I have heard of additional sections here describing more of the powers Caine developed. According to my old friend Malk Content, the original version of this went on for 1,001 stanzas. Malk also claims his left pinkie is made out of chocolate mousse and answers to the name Harold, so I will stand by the version I have here.

38. Zillah, sometimes translated as "Sylah." This Tale is translated from a much more folklore-influenced original text. A version of this tale is told by some of the oldest of the Russian Kindred, and I have reason to believe it has roots in Russian folktales.

39. Remember that, among Kindred, there is no "incest" taboo in lusting after the blood of your childe. Indeed, this is perhaps indicative of the Methuselahs' attitudes: they often create childer to feed upon.
40. A flagrant transliterative idiom, but one that I felt had literary importance. Imagine Caine with a full, long beard, tugging on it! This is perhaps the only descriptive feature of Caine that we have on record, and its provenance is impure.
41. This Crone remains a mystery to archaeologists trying to locate the source of this story. I believe that the Crone is a shaman / witch / priestess who perhaps knew a bit about Caine from relations with a demon or some kind of familiar spirit. In sticking with his allegorical paradigm, Beckett suggests that she may be a metaphor for the lust we have for blood and the control it has over us.

42. Another clue: she is affiliated with the Moon. I originally believed this pointed to her origins as a Lupine shaman, but I learned from my Gangrel friends that they do not twist their spells in such fashion.
43. Others have translated Caine's title as "Master of the Blood Fury" in this instance.
44. In Enoch, marriage between Kindred was common. I have read fragments of the "Love Hymn to Zillah" which has led me to believe that it carried with it specific ownership of all house slaves and property, as well as special privileges such as the ability to temporarily invoke one's spouses' power.
45. The traditional Lunar year. It is such a mythological cliché, especially among the "Wise Woman" traditions of the pagan folk, that I must count it as a purely symbolic period of time.
46. A traditional material. Strong, sturdy. The Ark of Noah was built of it.
47. This is perhaps the best-known part of the Book of Nod. Because of the frequent copying by the Tremere and Ventrue Clans of this fragment, there are many colloquial versions of it. My first task was to totally disregard these "popular" versions, and go on to tackle the truth of the matter. Thus, you see my translations of the "non-traditional" verses in brackets.



A Brief Word on

The Chronicle of Shadows

These are a collection of pieces and fragments that I have unearthed during my many travels. I must admit that I have used a considerable amount of personal prudence in determining the contents of this book. This is because there are no known complete versions of the Chronicle of Shadows. In fact, many of the scholars who have researched this Chronicle claim that it is not a part of the Book of Nod, but rather a creation of the scholars and writers of Carthage who took poetic license in writing down "Caine's Laws." Still, I have seen enough seminal text, enough original foundation to convince me that these fragments have some basis in the actual words of our Father, his children, and his grandchildren.

Choros, who was an admitted member of the Sabbat, told me that he believed the Chronicle of Shadows to be a collection of propaganda created by the Camarilla to support its tyrannical reign. I do not believe this to be the case, but it is quite uncanny that many of Caine's Laws and the Traditions of the Camarilla dovetail.

It is my sincerest hope that these fragments are not some elaborate Malkavian prank, especially the thirteen commandments, which were provided on authentically aged tablets. Still, they were too enticing to leave out. So, Jharkav, if you are reading this and you've tricked me, a point in your favor, and I'll be sure to exact revenge when next I see you!

The Chronicle of Shadows

Of Progeny

These are the words that Caine said,
regarding our Progeny
as he ruled in Enoch, as King.
Hear the words of Caine Law-Giver:

"Thou shalt not make Progeny against My will,
and if you are given leave,
then choose of those Children of Adam well,
think of them as your future Brother or Sister.[1]

Look to the everlasting night ahead,
and know Auriel's Prophecy:
that forever shall Childe rise up
to slay Sire.

Know thou that, as in all things, the Father
overcomes the Childe, the Mother her Daughter:
Only through Me will you come to Truth,
Only through Me will you come to Peace,
Only through Me will you come Awake to your Power.[2]

Know thou that the right of life or death,
as it was in My times,
will ever be the Sire's over the Childe's,
for it has been set in Heaven
as well as in this world,
the way of things.
My Father, Adam, over me,
I, over you,
You, my Children, over all Progeny you get.

Thou shalt not suffer your Childe to live
If it is found that he has killed
one of your Brothers
and has drunk his heart's blood.
This is the Serpent's Way, and I will not abide it.[3]

Thou shalt not Embrace those who are unworthy,
Thou shalt not use the Embrace as punishment,
Neither shall you Embrace the youngest, who
should live long before being brought into
My family, so that the wisdom of our line
will grow.

Thou shalt not Embrace those who are diseased,
insane, or full of ill humors,
for they will taint the Blood.[4]

Never shall there be more Kindred of Caine
than Kindred of Seth in a place,
neither should there be one of Caine
for every three of Seth.[5]

All Childer should learn from their Sire
The Law and the Traditions,
The Rites and the Customs,
as I have given them to you.

Thou shalt not Embrace the Moon-Beasts,
for these should be outcast and called
Abomination.
Neither should you taste of their blood,
for they are forbidden,
they bring Death to our door.[6]

Embrace not the blood of the Enlightened,
rather listen to their words,
watch their actions,
and move swiftly against them should they strike:
a useful sword, but often too sharp.[7]

Taste not the blood of the Wild Ones,
for in it is Madness, neither should you
Embrace them: for you will not survive it.[8]

Embrace not Love, for Love in My Embrace
will grow cold, wither, and die.[9]

The Rules of the Canaille

These are the words that Caine said,
regarding the Children of Seth,
as he ruled in Enoch, as King.
Hear the words of Caine Law-Giver:

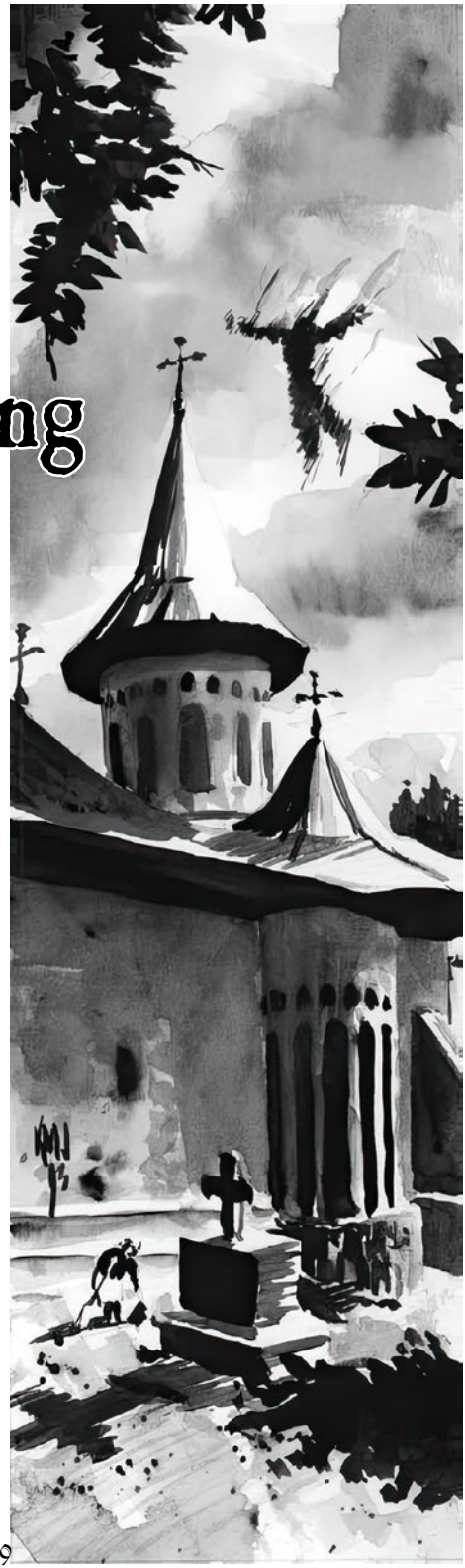
"We are given Dominion
over the line of Seth,
third son of Adam,
as he is our youngest Brother,
we will watch over his Children
as if they were our own,
we will show them the right way,
and in return,
they will serve us all of their days.[10]

They will serve us while the Sun rides the sky,
and watch over our houses, with quenching water,
against Michael's Fire.[11]
They will feed us, and provide us with clothes,
They will dance for us, and provide us with song,
They will lay with us, and provide us with
comfort,
They will advise us, and we will listen to their
advice.
They will worship us, and we must not allow
their worship.

Thou shalt not become as a God to the Children
of Seth,
for the One Above, growing jealous in his sky,
will strike down the line of Caine forever.
Remember gentle-faced Ashtareth,
Remember golden-fat Baal,
Remember strong Tammauz,
Know thou that the Children of Seth will rise
up
with weapons from the One Above,
and conquer us, should we be as Gods to them.[12]

Thou shalt guide the Children of Seth as a
shepherd
guides his flock,
and cull them as they are needed.
Thou shalt cleanse their blood,
and keep all of them free from disease.[13]

Of the Feeding



Find you a place that is yours,

And the mortals that dwell there,

let them be your sheepfold,

let them be your cup,

let them be your holy bread[14]

Of the Gifts of Caine

Mark ye that a Mortal who,
marked with the Power of another Cainite,
does a thing, yea verily
He does it as if that Childe of Caine did it,
and that Kindred will pay the price
of crime or retribution, just as
he had done the thing, for in this way,
there is an Accounting to be made,
and the Children of Seth not be
merely swords in the hands of dark
strangers.[15]

Mark well the threefold drinking, the Bond
of Blood, and let
those of Seth's Children with great skill,
come to serve the Children of Caine,
as it is we are the first part of Wisdom,
and should be served.[16]

As well, in Blood Bonds,
know that there is no greater Bond
than Caine has with his Childer,
and through Me, all chains are broken,
all shackles are shattered.[17]

Mark well the Children of the One Above,
the Cherubs, the Seraphs, the Archangels,
for their touch will burn you as does
the Flame of Michael.[18]

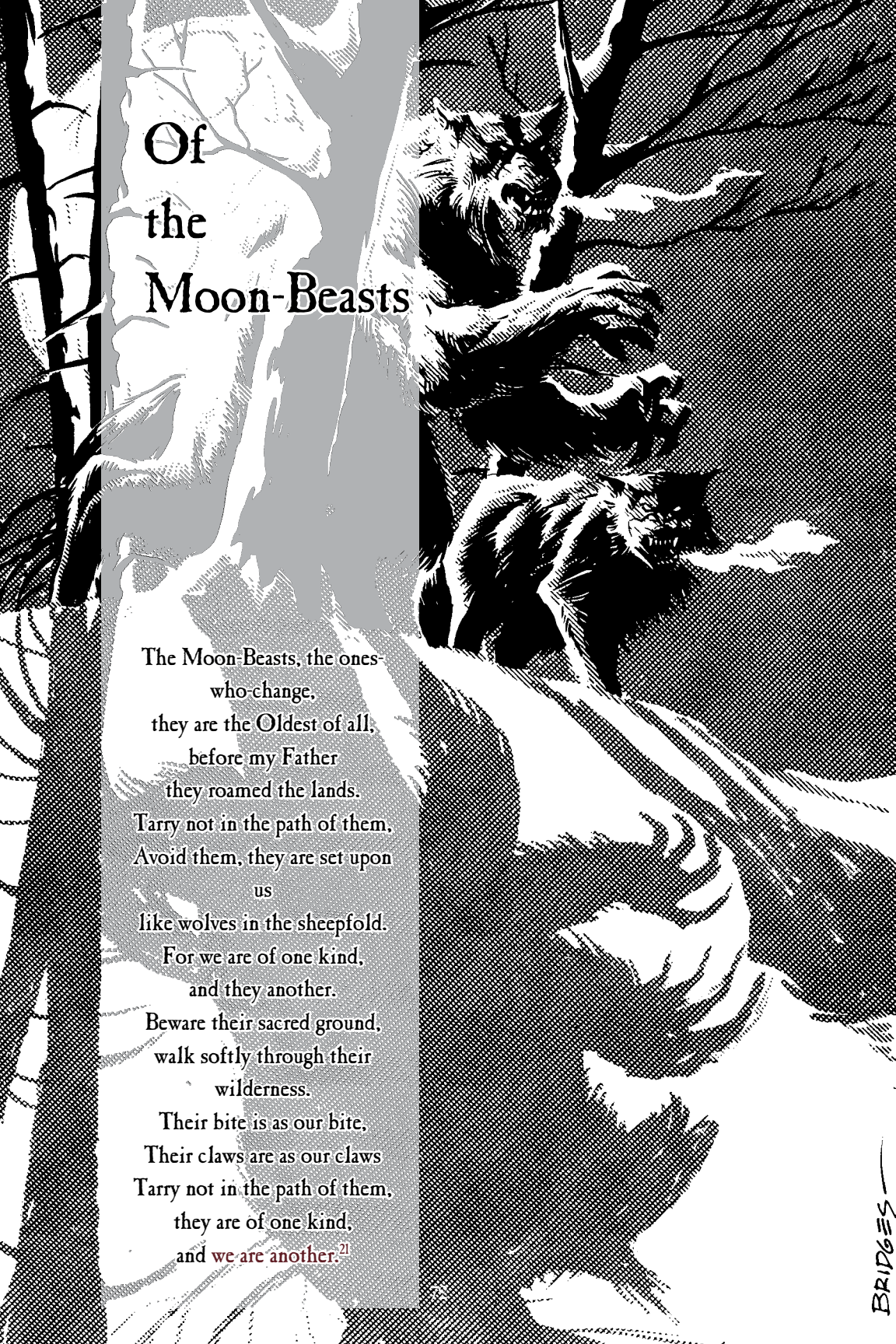
Mark well the Children of the One Below,
the Serpent's Kin,
for their touch will burn you as well,
and their tongues will delude and deceive
you.[19]

In need, you may feed the Beasts of the
field,
of your Blood, and husband them: they will
grow
strong and loyal, but beware of the Beast
with the Beast within, and feed not a Hunger
that may not abate.

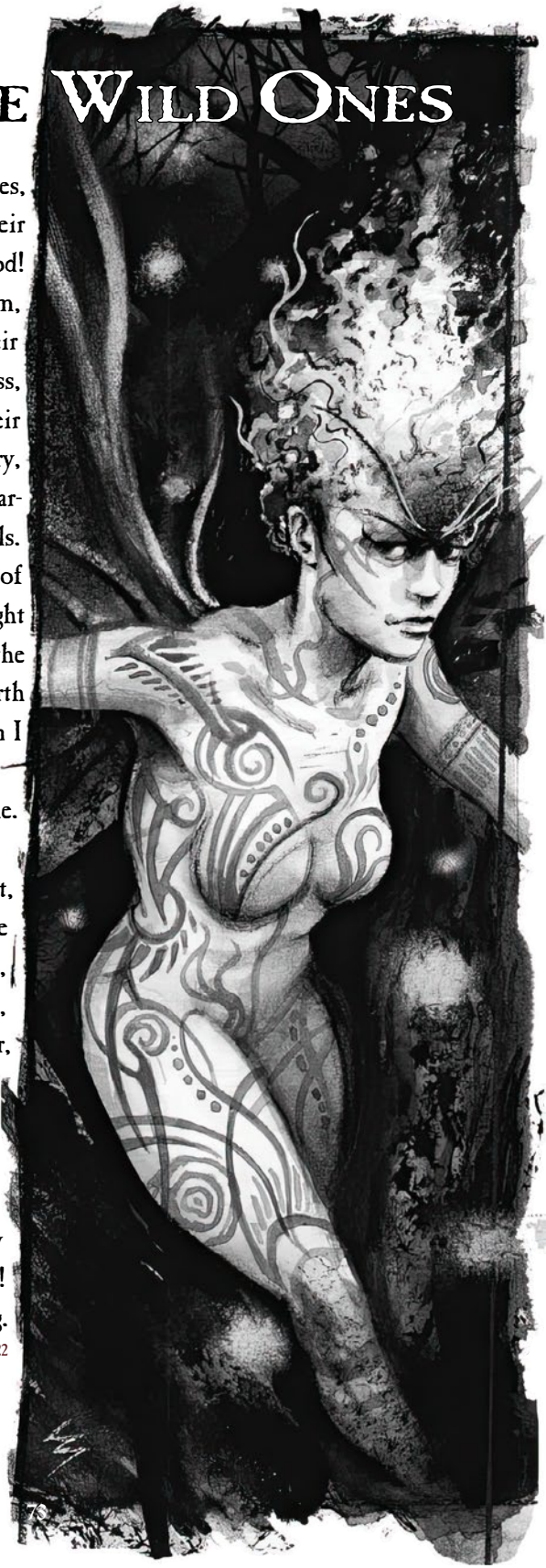
Of Those Who Serve

Those you choose to bless
with the Potence of Caine,
may come to live within your house,
to protect you,
let no one Embrace these guardians,
let them be given blood at the
appropriate time:
let their Strength be your Strength,
Strength that does not abate with the sun.
let their Eyes be your Eyes,
Eyes that can see in the day.
Let their Ears be your Ears,
Ears that can hear while you slumber.

Let those who serve be named greatest of the
Children of Seth,
and most privileged.
Let them enjoy the fine cloth of the
Kindred,
Let them enjoy the gentle music of the
Kindred,
Let them know the sweetness of our wine.
Let us protect them from those who would
hinder and hurt them,
and let us all rise up in outrage should one
of those-who-serve
be slain by another Kindred, for no Kindred
has the right to
kill another's Servant without provocation.[20]


Of
the
Moon-Beasts
The Moon-Beasts, the ones-
who-change,
they are the Oldest of all,
before my Father
they roamed the lands.
Tarry not in the path of them,
Avoid them, they are set upon
us
like wolves in the sheepfold.
For we are of one kind,
and they another.
Beware their sacred ground,
walk softly through their
wilderness.
Their bite is as our bite,
Their claws are as our claws
Tarry not in the path of them,
they are of one kind,
and we are another.[21]
BRIDGES

Of the Wild Ones

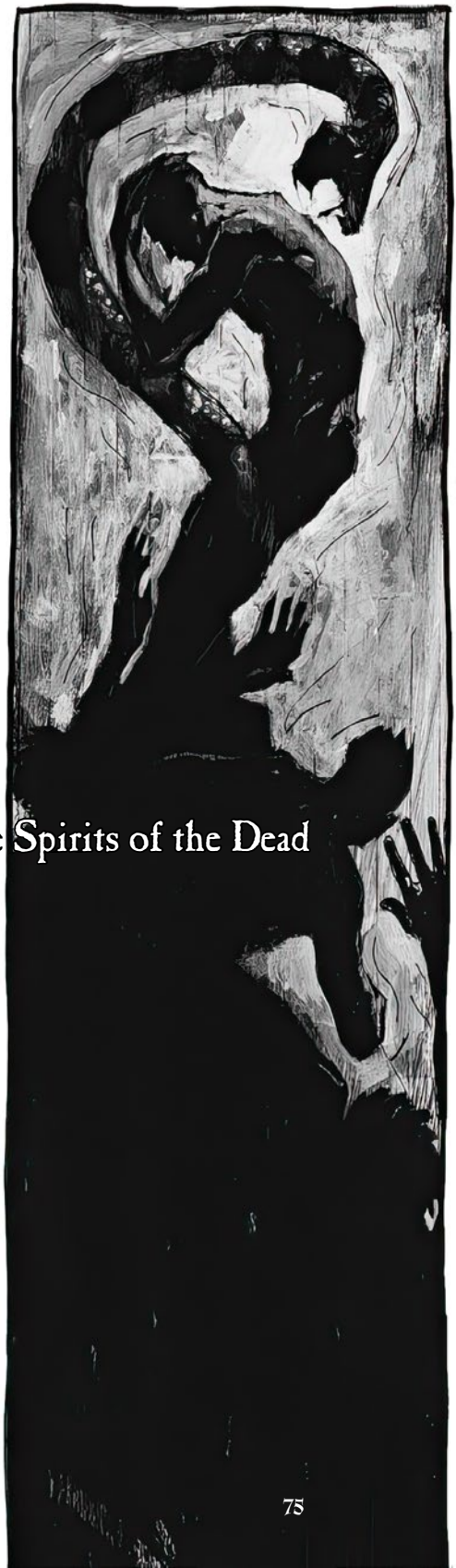


Of the mad ones, the wild ones,
I say, first, drink not of their blood!
But watch them,
For they are beautiful in their wildness,
They are enchanting in their mystery,
They are deadly in their war-skills.
Alone among the creatures of the night
They kept me company in the earth
and brought me water when I was thirsty
and could still breathe.

Like Me, they were cast out,
Like my Children, they are homeless,
Like my Children's Children, they wander,
Like my Mother and Father, they know too much,
But they keep their own counsel,
and, of them, I say
Mark me well: keep silent!
Say nothing.
Watch, and learn.[22]

Of the Enlightened

The Mother of Power, dark Lilith,
is of the greatest of them,
but there are others,
and more yet to come.
Drink not of their blood, for they will
ensnare you,
Keep wary of them, they are crafty.
They know Adam's knowledge, and
Eve's wisdom,
they are the bringers of fire,
the tillers of soil,
the husbanders of animals,
the bringers of writing,
they are the Sun-children,
the Rising Stars.
They will seek to involve you in their
journey,
Resist! Resist! their path disregards
hunger, blood, and body.
Trust not the ones with bright eyes
towards the dawn:
Remember always, it is the Dawning that
brings your death.[23]



Of Those Spirits of the Dead

Mark you well: there is a
place
beyond spirit, beyond life
which is Darkness,
Shadow,
and there Shadows dwell.
An island, a fortress, a land
of the Dead,
I have traveled there
through
a pathway of doom
and I have witnessed the
dread king
of the Stygian City as he
sat at court.
I have seen the faceless
hooded ones
traversing River Styx.
They swarm about us like
flies on a
putrefying corpse, and
like us, feed on fear,
ecstasy,
and anger.

Dead they are, but undead,
and they are closer to us
than we will ever know.

The Blood of my Brother
cries out to me as I sleep
as the Sun crosses the sky,
I hear my brother, second-
born Abel,
screaming.
Mark well the spirits of
those who have died,
Know their strength is not
your own,
Listen to their words: they
carry wisdom.
Listen not to their songs:
that way is oblivion.
Do not seek to bind them,
but free them if you can,
Such is the commandment
of Caine, who himself has
been
imprisoned and freed.[24]

Of the Commandments to the Kindred[25]

Thou shalt not slay thy Sire and drink his heart's blood

Thou shalt hold the eldest among you as Lord, even as I am your Father, the eldest is closest to me.

Thou shalt honor each other's House.

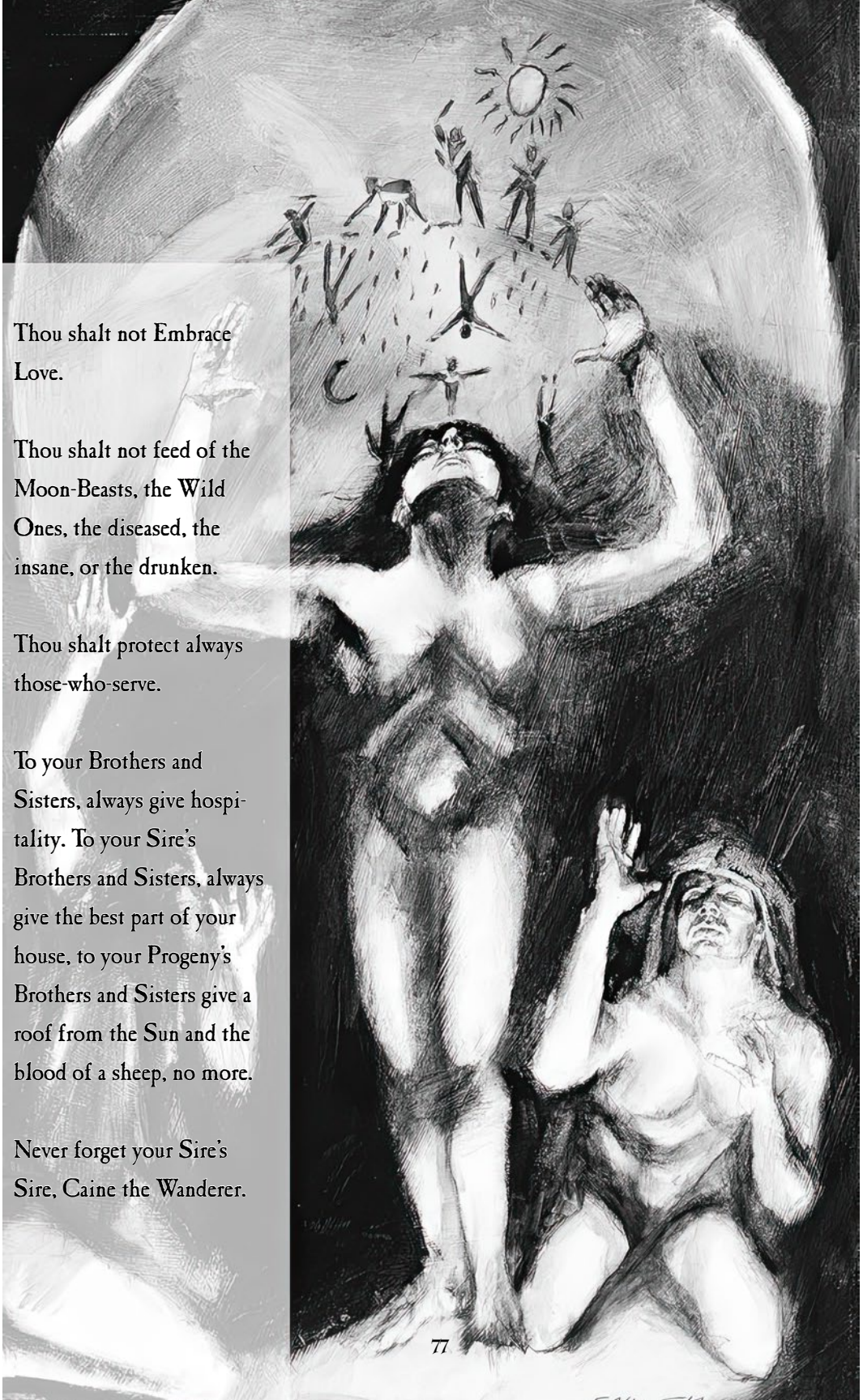
Thou shalt honor each other's Domain.

Thou shalt not reveal yourselves as Gods to the Children of Seth.

Honor another's Progeny.

Honor always your Sire.

Thou shalt teach your Progeny the ways of the Kindred.



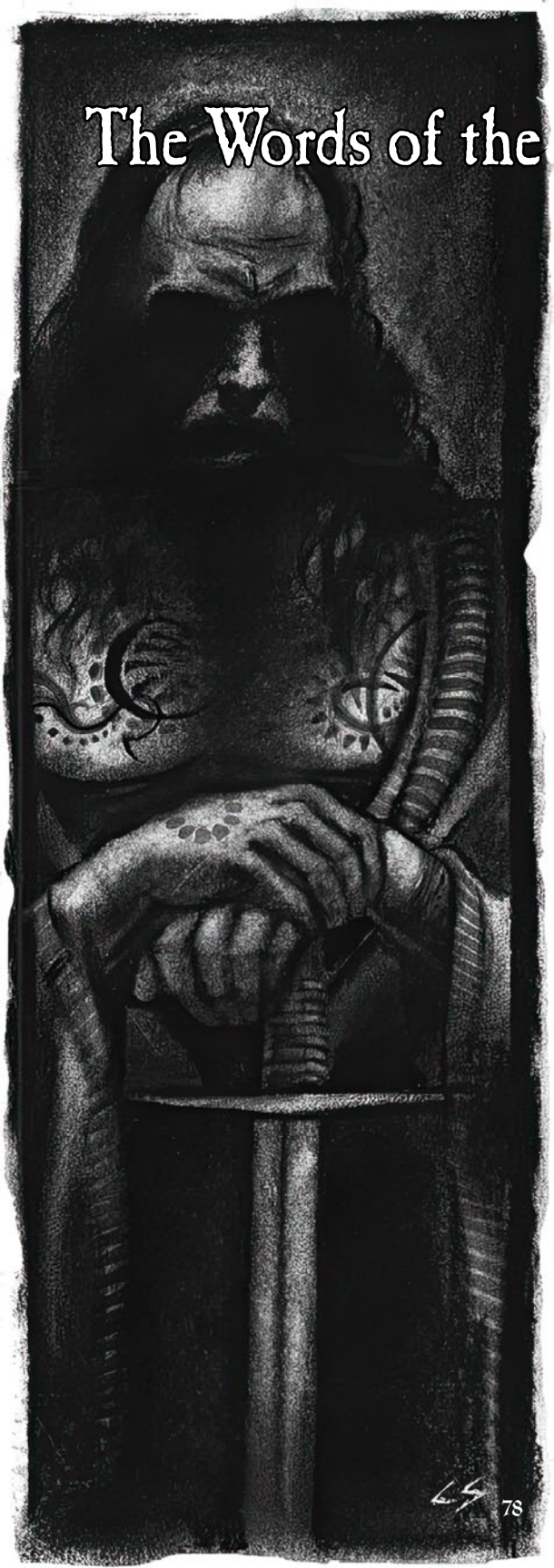
Thou shalt not Embrace Love.

Thou shalt not feed of the Moon-Beasts, the Wild Ones, the diseased, the insane, or the drunken.

Thou shalt protect always those-who-serve.

To your Brothers and Sisters, always give hospitality. To your Sire's Brothers and Sisters, always give the best part of your house, to your Progeny's Brothers and Sisters give a roof from the Sun and the blood of a sheep, no more.

Never forget your Sire's Sire, Caine the Wanderer.



The Words of the Clan Chiefs[26]

Brujah's Commandments[27]

Throw off the Elder's shackles
of the mind, reach into thyself
and see the truth revealed.
The Truth, as truth is seen,
will illuminate your soul and
heal your wounds.
Know who you are, first,
and be true to your self.
You are my children, all,
but I would sooner shatter you like
flawed pottery than have your weakness
be that you are but a flawed copy
out of my mold.

The Words of Gangrel to his Childer[28]

Lo my Children, you will walk the earth,
wander far and carry these Words.
Move one step before
those who see by the Moon.

Never abide weakness.
Keep your children loyal.
Walk with your head high.
Let the Beast rule you.

Mark where you hunt, so that
your brothers and sisters will know
and not intrude.

Take all you need, but be mindful
that the hunter can become the hunted
and there are those who find us
no matter how we flee.

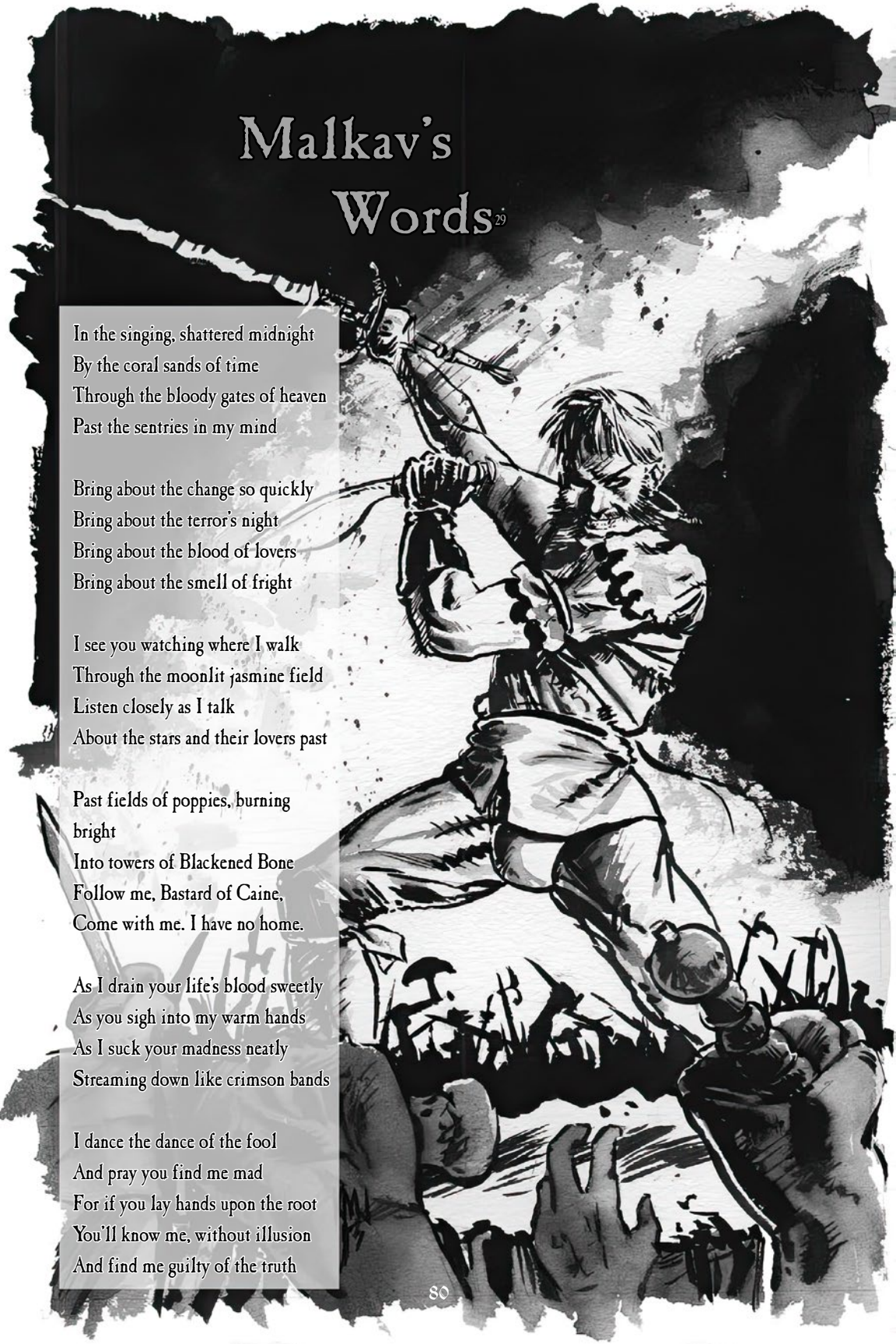
Should you become confused
go and eat only of animals
for a moon
sleep in the earth
and drink in sweet water

You will hear my voice in your ears
like a distant bird's cry
or lion's roar. And you will know
what to do.

Let no one say that the House of Gangrel
is a dishonorable one
Let no one say that we are not brave.
Let no one say that we are not fair.

You, a child of the Beast, a child of Darkness,
are first among Kindred.

Malkav's Words[29]



In the singing, shattered midnight
By the coral sands of time
Through the bloody gates of heaven
Past the sentries in my mind

Bring about the change so quickly
Bring about the terror's night
Bring about the blood of lovers
Bring about the smell of fright

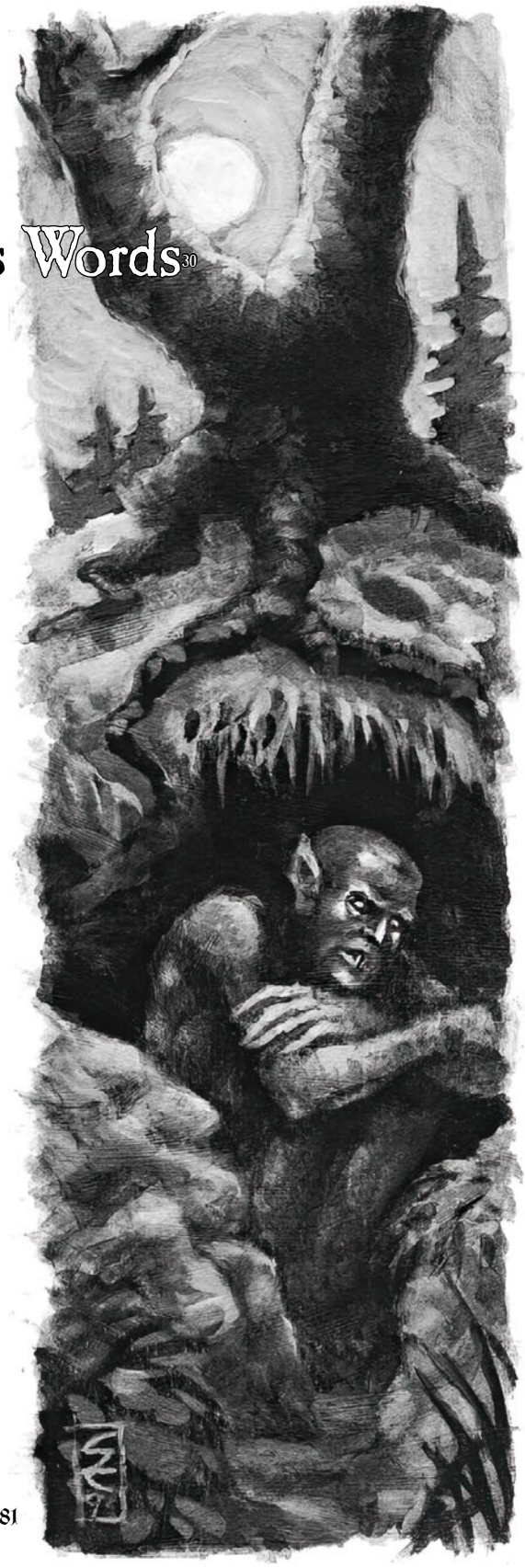
I see you watching where I walk
Through the moonlit jasmine field
Listen closely as I talk
About the stars and their lovers past

Past fields of poppies, burning bright
Into towers of Blackened Bone
Follow me, Bastard of Caine,
Come with me. I have no home.

As I drain your life's blood sweetly
As you sigh into my warm hands
As I suck your madness neatly
Streaming down like crimson bands

I dance the dance of the fool
And pray you find me mad
For if you lay hands upon the root
You'll know me, without illusion
And find me guilty of the truth

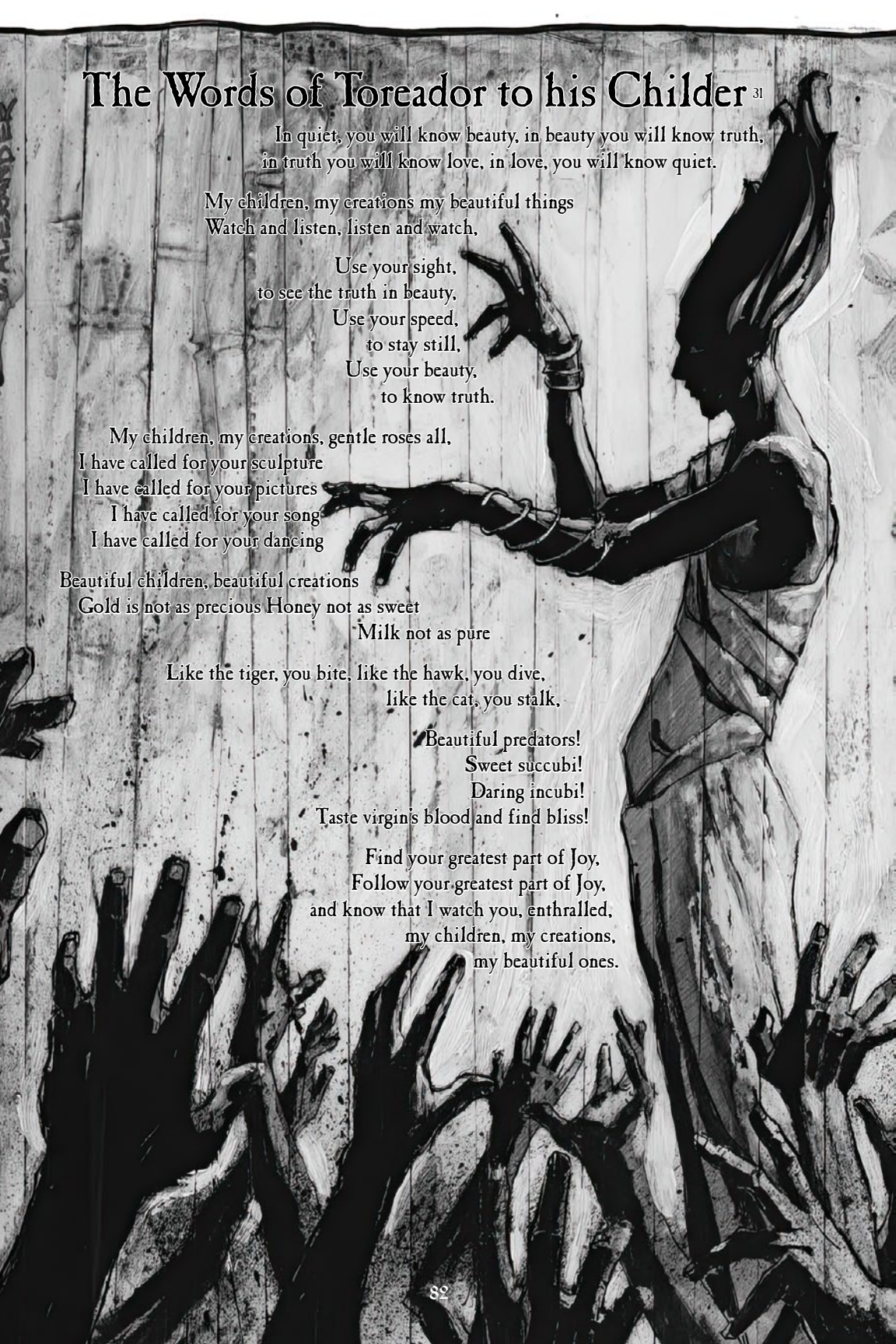
Nosferat's Words[30]



You are the children of Shadow
You are the sons and daughters
of Darkness
Seek the darkest place
Make it your own
Feed on the wicked, feed on the
sinful,
Feed on the ugly souls
For such is our diet, such is our
Father's wish, our pre-ordained
meal.

My childer, look not at your
visage to curse me,
for I know the beauty that lies
within,
and no greater beauty will there
ever be.

The Words of Toreador to his Childer [31]



In quiet, you will know beauty, in beauty you will know truth,
in truth you will know love, in love, you will know quiet.

My children, my creations my beautiful things
Watch and listen, listen and watch,

Use your sight,
to see the truth in beauty,
Use your speed,
to stay still,
Use your beauty,
to know truth.

My children, my creations, gentle roses all,
I have called for your sculpture
I have called for your pictures
I have called for your song
I have called for your dancing

Beautiful children, beautiful creations
Gold is not as precious Honey not as sweet
Milk not as pure

Like the tiger, you bite, like the hawk, you dive,
like the cat, you stalk,

Beautiful predators!
Sweet succubi!
Daring incubi!
Taste virgin's blood and find bliss!

Find your greatest part of Joy,
Follow your greatest part of Joy,
and know that I watch you, enthralled,
my children, my creations,
my beautiful ones.

The Words of Ventrue to his Childer[32]

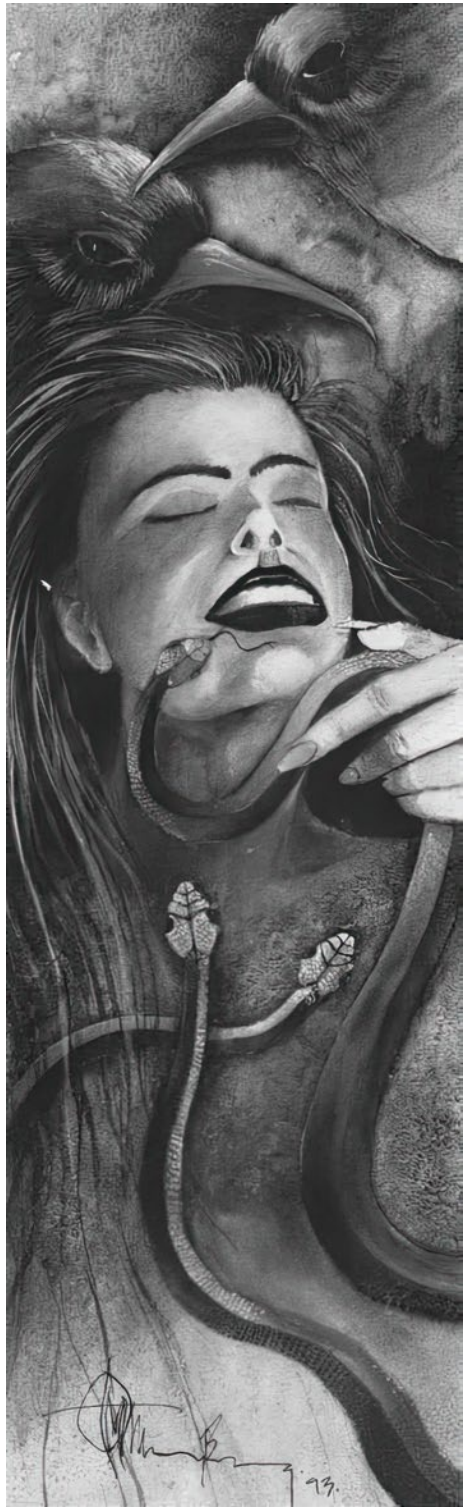
We ruled in Enoch! We ruled in [the Second City]!
Dumuzi! Gilgamesh! Zeus! Jupiter!
We are every great man, every perfect man.
We rule, not by strength, but by right.

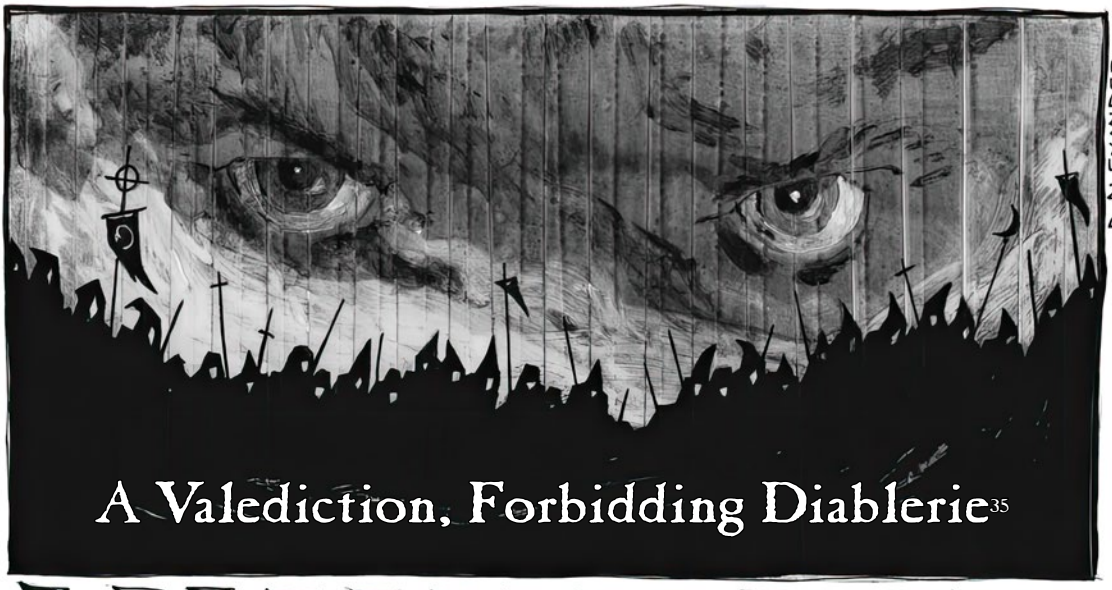
Be the law-giver, the tool-maker,
Carry the sacred [Me] to the people,
Keep the covenant,
Bind those that rebel,
Glory in those who fight and win,
Keep strong swords about you always,
and sharp eyes at your back.

Cower not in fear of the Sun!
Shrink not from Fire!
Though cursed we may be
We are the Lords of the Earth,
and all things fall under our dominion.

Saulot's Words[33]

Know you are made to be unmade
You are the white lamb
The gentle sacrifice
You are the greatest part of the bounty of Caine
And on your shoulders shall be his greatest Sin,
for alone among the children of Caine I have asked
the One Above for forgiveness,
and I have been visited by the worst of the One Below's demons
Those snakes, which bit me in my sleeping,
Those foul wyrms who suck my blood,[34]
I learned from them to take the blackness from the blood
The wounds from the flesh
the evil from the soul.
And though I may die, you, my childer will live on.
Open thy Eye, and see the world truly,
and know that what you do now
goes on to heal another generation.





A Valediction, Forbidding Diablerie[35]

And the enemies of Caine were great,
and fell to fighting over his trail
like hounds, the scent would not abate
through flood and moon, and much travail

The hunter's skill was great,
as they looked for their Father, and they did see
... ancient Discipline used they to find
the road to Shal-ka-mense

They came at last to that secret place
where Caine hid, amongst the waters
Showing himself, Caine called them under,
"Gentle sons, gentle daughters,
Why do you disturb my slumber?"

And they tried to embrace their Father
with steely things
and things of wood,
but lightning Caine, fast-moving Caine,
would not be stopped by such as them.

Under the curling, blasting waters,
beyond the pool of Veyd-sah-me,
in the grotto of Shal-ka-mense
did they gather, did they gather,
to embrace their sleeping Father's form.

Found him sleeping? Found him wakeful,
battle-ready, eyes abright,
smiling at his ancient Childer
waging war in the waxing light.

Now the stars they one by one
blot their ways into lightning sky
Now the fires burn hell and cinder
Now the heat reveals the pyre.

Too long! the hunters waited further,
Too long! They did by Veyd-sah-me,
tarry long enough to see the
light of Dawn upon their Father's Face.

And in the turning, burning Mark,
they saw the Finger of God's own hate,
twisting, curling, God's own Word it
Set apart Caine's lonely fate

And as they burned in hell-bright fires,
as they saw the melted flesh
as they burned with their own Kindred
Caine blessed more funeral pyres
Taking in his bloody Sacrament.

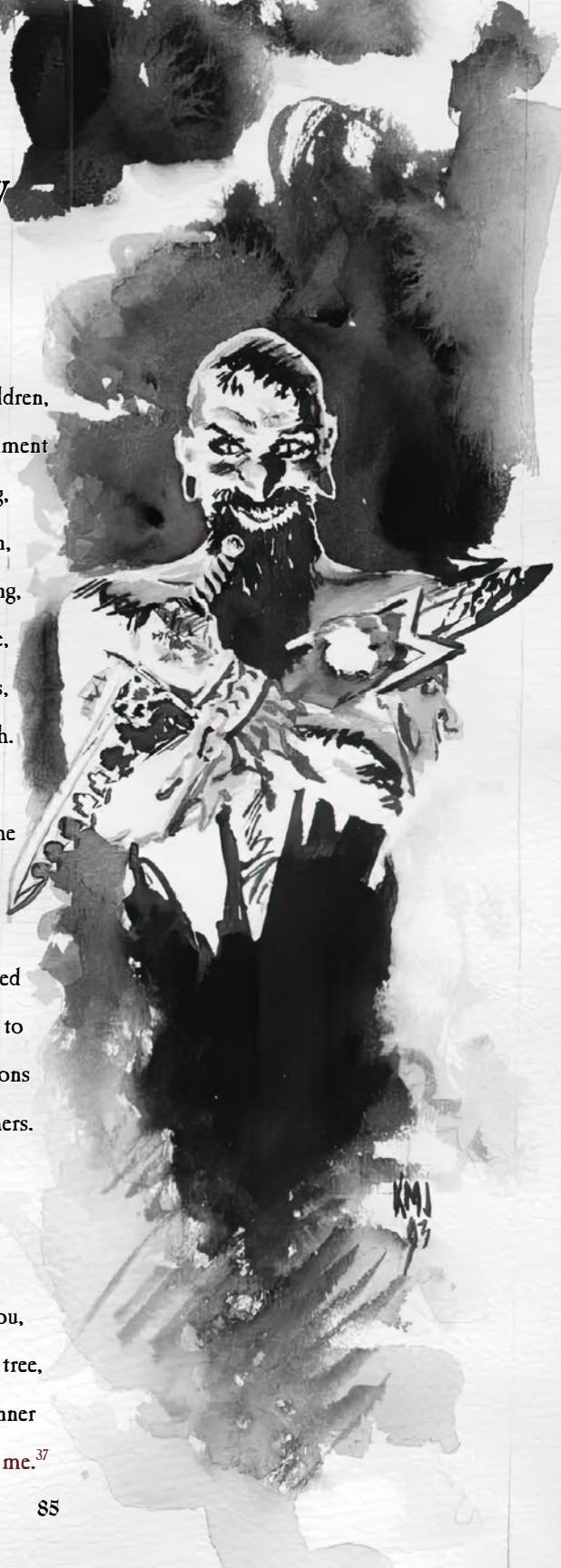
Seek not the blood of thine own Elder
Seek not the blood of thy Sire's Sire
Seek not the blood that made thee Kin
For thou will feel the funeral pyre
When thou dost pay for thy immortal sin.

Caine's Law and Punishment[36]

It is very hard, my children,
to prescribe for you the punishment
of burning,
of exsanguination,
of beheading,
of torture,
of paralysis,
of the sundeath.

You are my Childer: alone among the
rest of existence,
you are my only companions,
forever will we be locked
in the way that fathers are bonded to
their sons
and sons to their fathers.

And yet, I will root out the bad
seed,
I will weed out the worst of you,
I will prune my dark tree,
in the manner
that my Father, Adam, taught me.[37]



Proverbs [38]

"Go not to the Clan of the Rose for advice, for they will give no single answer.[39]

"Watch Gangrel, and when they are uneasy, leave."[40]

"The first to die in any Jyhad are Nosferatu."[41]

"Bless those who fight our natural enemies. Keep safe the water-bearer, the builder, the undertaker. These are not to be prey."[42]

"Let not the priest, poet, or peasant see you feed. Not one of them will leave it be."[43]

"Let Honor be your shield, your sword, and your cloak: let Ventrue save face, and you will go far."[44]

"To rid yourself of an enemy, outlive him."[45]

"Vengeance is best when the blood is still hot."[46]

"Know that in all times there will be Caesar: pay him his due."[47]

"Fight the first battle, win the first war."[48]

"Watch your own Childer: on the lips of all is the honey-taste of Diablerie."[49]

"One sip of Blood, I take. Two sips, I accept. Three sips, I refuse."[50]

"Bargain not with the Darkness: in time it will take us all."

"Ride the Beast, do not let it ride you."

"Make not friends among the Poets, they will sing too much of you."

"Be not known. Seek shadows."[51]

"When the Cross has a point, find your safety."[52]

"Take gently from women. Take directly from men. Take sweetly from children. Take haltingly from animals. From Kindred, share. From the Moon-Beasts, feast."

"Be as a King: your sacred duty is to protect the weak and fight the mighty."

Notes to the "Chronicle of Shadows"

1. This, of course, is the foundation of the Third Tradition of the Camarilla. It is said that the elder who helped pen the original Traditions (the first time the large body of laws, rules, customs, and guidelines that supposedly governed Kindred was actually codified into a recognizable set of rules) discovered a version of the Chronicle of Shadows that appeared originally as blank pages of parchment but were revealed by smearing vitae over the leaves. The founders of the Camarilla used this "Blood Chronicle" as the foundation of their Traditions.

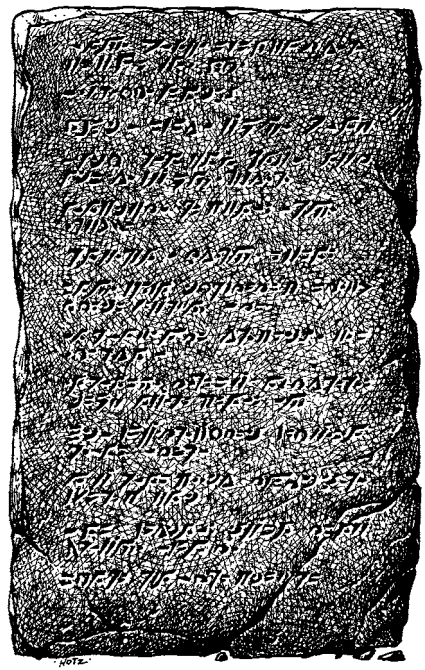
2. Our Sabbat brethren, those who revere Caine, say that this is perhaps the only part of the Chronicle of Shadows which actually retains its original meaning. They use it as justification for their diablerie.

3. The Sixth Tradition. Again we see the influence of the Book of Nod on the Traditions.

4. A curious counterpoint, this particular stanza is totally contrary to the Becoming practices of the Malkavian and Nosferatu clans. Of course, these two clans were cursed by Caine originally, and thus it is not contradictory that he include them in his proscriptions.

5. This stanza has been used a few times throughout the ages as a justification for a Purge of Kindred when the population ratio gets to be

a bit much. Of course, 1:3 is a generous ratio, but it is frequently left out of a Prince's polemic.
6. The vampiric werewolf is truly a foul thing indeed. I had a conversation with one (at a distance— he was sedated at the time) and, in addition to his pathetic condition he seemed to be afflicted with a very highly advanced paranoia. He was certain that one of his kind— I can only assume another Abomination— was hunting him, and that the longer my Gangrel friend and I detained him, the shorter his lifespan became. Whatever the state of an Abomination, it is true that Lupine blood is both addictive and highly potent, containing obvious dangers to both unlife and limb. I personally take Caine's proscription in this matter quite seriously.
7. Caine speaks of Mages here. They are inscrutable, but it is known that through their secret rituals they can draw power forth from our very blood. It is also known that they are, all their power aside, merely kine.
8. It is said that some faeries have special connections to the Kindred. In a tiny Irish village named Withy-by-the-Wash, I spent a lovely evening with a gentleman Malkavian who had found a very quiet niche among the villagers there. He offered me a taste from a jug of "Sidhe blood" as he called it. Whatever the concoction that I imbibed that evening (I was told later that it was cow's blood mixed with special mushrooms found in the nearby forest ... but I still wonder) it filled me with the strangest visions and was nearly the death of me! I woke up the next evening, having melded with the earth (by instinct, I imagine) on a hill outside the village. I was naked, with strange blue clay smeared all over my body. A most unusual occurrence.
9. This is a powerful statement, however short. We see time and time again the tragedy that occurs because Kindred ignore this simple commandment.
10. Caine's pronouncement in this area gives far reaching powers to any Kindred who claim it. It is the source of a large part of the revealed authority that Kindred claim over the Canaille.
11. An early counterpart to firefighters, those modern-day knights who guard our havens from Michael's hungry flames?



12. This is a strong proscription, and one that is almost not necessary in these modern times. Still, I hear tales of Kindred throughout the world, from time to time, becoming as a God to mortals and ruling them as one. It is curious how these petty Gods do not usually last, and that none still remain in our memory.
13. I have had a quiet conversation with one of the children of Saulot, the blood-line known as the Salubri. They believe that it is their duty, as per this commandment, to provide healing for mortals and even help them to cleanse their blood of disease.
14. Another foundation of a Tradition. This stanza speaks very clearly of the Tradition of Hospitality, the Fifth Tradition.
15. This stanza has far-reaching consequences for many Kindred, and yet it is quite a newly discovered fragment. I found this particular piece of the Chronicle of Shadows only after much travail, danger and the destruction of three of my companions. We ascended to the highest heights of the Himalayas, where we found this fragment written on a stone tablet in cuneiform under the protection of a Sufi mystic who knew us immediately. Strange creatures in those mountains abducted my companions, and I only

survived by sinking into the frozen earth and awaiting Spring.

I believe that, if this fragment were widely published, it would change many of the customs involving Kindred interaction and the use of ghouls against each other, but I leave interpretation in the hands of the Archons and Justicars.

16. This has ever been the practice of the Kindred, not particularly because of the Chronicle of Secrets, but because it is common sense.

17. Indeed. As we have seen in the Chronicle of Caine, it was he who broke the first Blood Bond.

18. This stanza is mystifying to me. Does it speak of angelic spirits, men of Faith, or some other being which has yet to be revealed?

19. Whether or not the previous stanza deals with Angels, this stanza most certainly deals with the Infernal agents called demons. I have seen this inscription on amulets and seals that were set to protect against the Infernal.

20. These stanzas govern ghouls. As a side note, it is said that a ghoul of Caine, the first Ghoul, is still alive and dwells underneath a secret temple somewhere in Egypt. Legends say he guards a significant quantity of Caine's blood, which helps to retain his ghoul status. If this is true, then he alone among the kine would be the only one knowledgeable of the Antediluvians.

21. All good advice from our Father. This bespeaks his cunning knowledge of the Changers, who were active even in his day. Stories that Caine went among them as a wolf, told to me by my Gangrel companions, might well be true based on this stanza alone.

22. Faerie Lore dictates that the Arcadians are "too good for Hell, not good enough for Heaven." This may be Caine's way of expressing this middle state. Kindred who discover the Fey may do well to listen to their Father's words in this matter. Of all the fragments of the Chronicle of Secrets, it was this fragment that I found to be the most elusive, perhaps because it carries a good measure of the truth about the Sidhe.

23. Caine and his childer were present at the dawning of human civilization, so they saw these mages come among the people, bringing words, agriculture, architecture and more. Is it any wonder that marvels such as the pyramids and the hanging gardens of Babylon were possible then? Mages were originally given free reign to follow their magick. I do not know why they have since been limited: one wonders what magick they could work in the modern age. Perhaps they, like us, must hide from the eyes of humanity.

24. I purchased this as a scroll, complete and fresh, having been perfectly preserved for millennia. The scroll was in the possession of a Giovanni businessman who had heard of my lust for the fragments of the Book of Nod. He took in payment a considerable amount of diamonds from South Africa and my spare copy of the Codex of Caine. Normally I do not have dealings with the strange Giovanni family, but this was literally an offer that I did not feel able to refuse.

25. These Commandments are a puzzle to me. Whether they are direct from an original part of the Chronicle of Shadows or they are merely a summarization penned by a later author, I do not know. I find them useful, and they are an interesting counterpart to the other, more famous "Commandments." Note the foundations of the Traditions of the Camarilla that are throughout these Commandments.

26. I have long wrestled with the question "Are these truly the words of the founders of the Clans?" I have come to the decision that, whatever they actually are, they are pertinent and important to each of the Clans. Whether or not I understand them is irrelevant: I have shown each of these fragments to elders in each of these Clans and they feel that they are appropriate. Thus, I include them here.

27. Ironic, is it not, that Brujah's children all share his frenzying nature, this flaw from his mold? In this translation, it is quite simple to see Brujah's latent violence in his word choice ("throw off shackles," "shatter," "heal wounds"). I reproduce it here as the provenance for the translation is unmistakable: I received this fragment as the fulfillment of a major boon from a certain famous Brujah traditionalist, Critias, whose Codex of Caine was the inspiration for this work.

28. Some have called Gangrel the "Lupine blood suckers." They are most certainly not. Although they are perhaps related in some strange way to the Lupines, they are quite clearly their own clan. Silent and far-roaming, they became my greatest allies in the search that took me all around the globe. I think that perhaps the fact that I had many stories to tell, especially stories of the ancient Cainites, made them interested in helping me. Many Gangrel made me promise to mention their names in my stories, and so I do so here: Windam, Cornell, Piotr, Chauson, Illyana, Far Runner (who fell from a great height in the Andes and was lost), Herve, Marshall, Golina and Miss Colina.

29. I have no way of knowing whether this is authentic, or even translated correctly. My only provenance is this: in all my travels, when I asked a Malkavian Elder to quote a section of the Book of Nod, they all quoted this stanza almost verbatim. This is too much of a coincidence for me to overlook, and if it is a prank, then so be it.

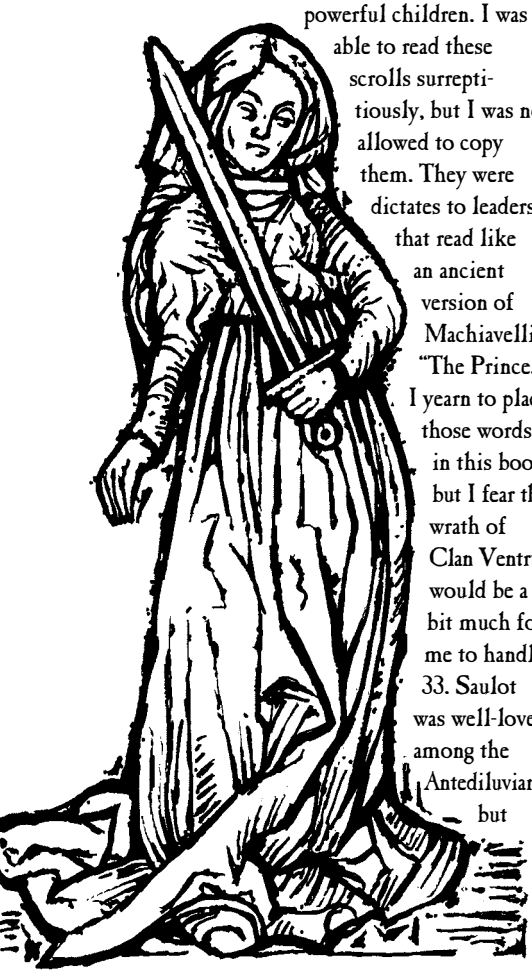
30. When I showed this to Carlos, a Nosferatu Elder in Spain, he told me that it alluded to a "great Doom, a great fate" to which all Nosferatu are chained. He would speak no further of this Doom, and begged me to take the fragment from his eyes.

31. I procured this fragment from an exquisite childe of Rafael himself, the architect of the Masquerade. I am ashamed to reveal what I gave to her in exchange. Suffice it to say it was from the Orient, and was quite erotic in nature. It is interesting that Toreador uses animal imagery to describe his children. Still, this is to be expected from a nearly primitive culture. The words "succubi" and "incubi" are direct translations, and back up my theory that all such legends of demons visiting maidens and young men in their beds at night must have been Kindred taking

their blood. The erotic illumination around this fragment certainly depicted this practice in great detail.

32. I was provided this fragment by a Ventrue elder, one of the princes of the city of Berlin. When he heard of my quest for knowledge, he wanted to make sure that the golden words of their Founder would never be lost. So, for a

modest fee (one that I paid gratefully), I was allowed to translate and copy the fragment to my heart's content. While I was scribing, I noted several other scrolls penned presumably by Ventrue and several of his more powerful children. I was able to read these scrolls surreptitiously, but I was not allowed to copy them. They were dictates to leaders that read like an ancient version of Machiavelli's "The Prince." I yearn to place those words in this book, but I fear the wrath of Clan Ventrue would be a bit much for me to handle.



33. Saulot was well-loved among the Antediluvians, but his habit of mystically augmenting his senses and spouting forth prophecy was quite disturbing. I was able to transcribe this fragment from the words of a Salubri ceremony that I attended.

34. I could not tell for sure, but I believe this to be plural. Still, my childe Beckett would have me believe that it is a singular form, "Wyrm", and may point towards the Lupine superstition that all Kindred are directed by a malefic force.

35. This poem may be just a legend, a fine story told around a Gangrel's fire, or for the amusement of a Toreador's enclave. Or it may have something more. Where is Shal-ka-mense? I have no idea. I believe it to be a Middle Eastern place, perhaps near the Mediterranean near the city of Jerusalem. Several Kindred legends talk of Caine's hiding place, and a few have even mentioned "Shalkamain," which could be a corruption of Shal-ka-mense. This poem/song is a favorite among the Elders, particularly Ventrue and, lately, Tremere, who find its message calming. Certainly many Ancilla have chanted it at their questing Diabolists.

36. There is ample speculation that this fragment wasn't written by Caine. Instead, it is thought that Irad, known as the Strength of Caine and the first General of his armies, wrote it. He was also a Judge in the court of the First City, although Caine was ever the First Judge and highest authority.

37. The Prince of London is fond of quoting this stanza before declaring a Blood Hunt. Many Justicars teach it to their Archons when teaching them their duties.

38. These proverbs were collected from all over the world. I have no other place to put them, so I will place them here. They contain bits of Antediluvian wisdom, I believe, and that alone was the deciding factor on whether or not they should be included.

39. This refers to the fickle nature of the Toreador, something which is legendary.

40. This is quite apropos. For my part, the Gangrel are the most observant of all the Kindred, perhaps even more so than the Nosferatu. I followed this dictum quite rigorously, and its inherent common sense never failed me. Gangrel are often willing to help you escape if it seems that you are listening to their common sense.

41. My sire used to say, "The Nosferatu know where the ashes lie." They know who is who, and what is what, and they are the first to die because they can provide adequate (and well listened to) warning to any Prince.

42. To this day, I will not feed on these people. Water-bearer, to my mind, means "fire-fighter." Of course many Kindred ignore this restriction and feed on whomever they please. Note, however, how many elders still follow these practices in theory, if not in reality.

43. This translates to the modern day quite easily. While "Priest" is self-explanatory, the "Poet" is perhaps not quite the same today as it was in nights of yore. I would say that the newspapermen of our age are the most feared, with the broadcasters being the second most dangerous. Finally, the common man will often go to great lengths to uncover a secret that he barely grasps. The common man is often immune to the Masquerade because of his lack of high-mindedness and dour demeanor.

44. "Let Ventrue save face." These words guided my feet through the world. Wherever I went, whenever I went to any Domain, I presented myself first to the prince and then the Ventrue elder of that city. I wanted the Ventrue to understand that I did not wish to disturb their careful structure, and that I was no threat to them. This usually made for very easy operations, although there are a few notable exceptions here and there.

45. The personal motto of many Kindred, and a good argument for non-aggression against the Lupines.

46. A direct contradiction to the Russian proverb. Still, I always preferred warm blood to cold.

47. It is a good idea to pay your taxes wherever you are. Tax evasion has become the single greatest threat to the Masquerade in the United States, and this may be spreading.

48. When everyone's quoting proverbs, this is the one that older Brujah seem to like to chant.

49. Certainly the children of Tremere know much of the truth in this Proverb.

50. A commonly quoted proverb in Eastern Europe.

51. Another rousing support of the Masquerade.

52. Inquisitors were often fond of sharpening their wooden crosses to use as stakes. It was useful to have their holy Cross so— when their Faith failed they had a sharp thing with which to impale.

A Brief Word on

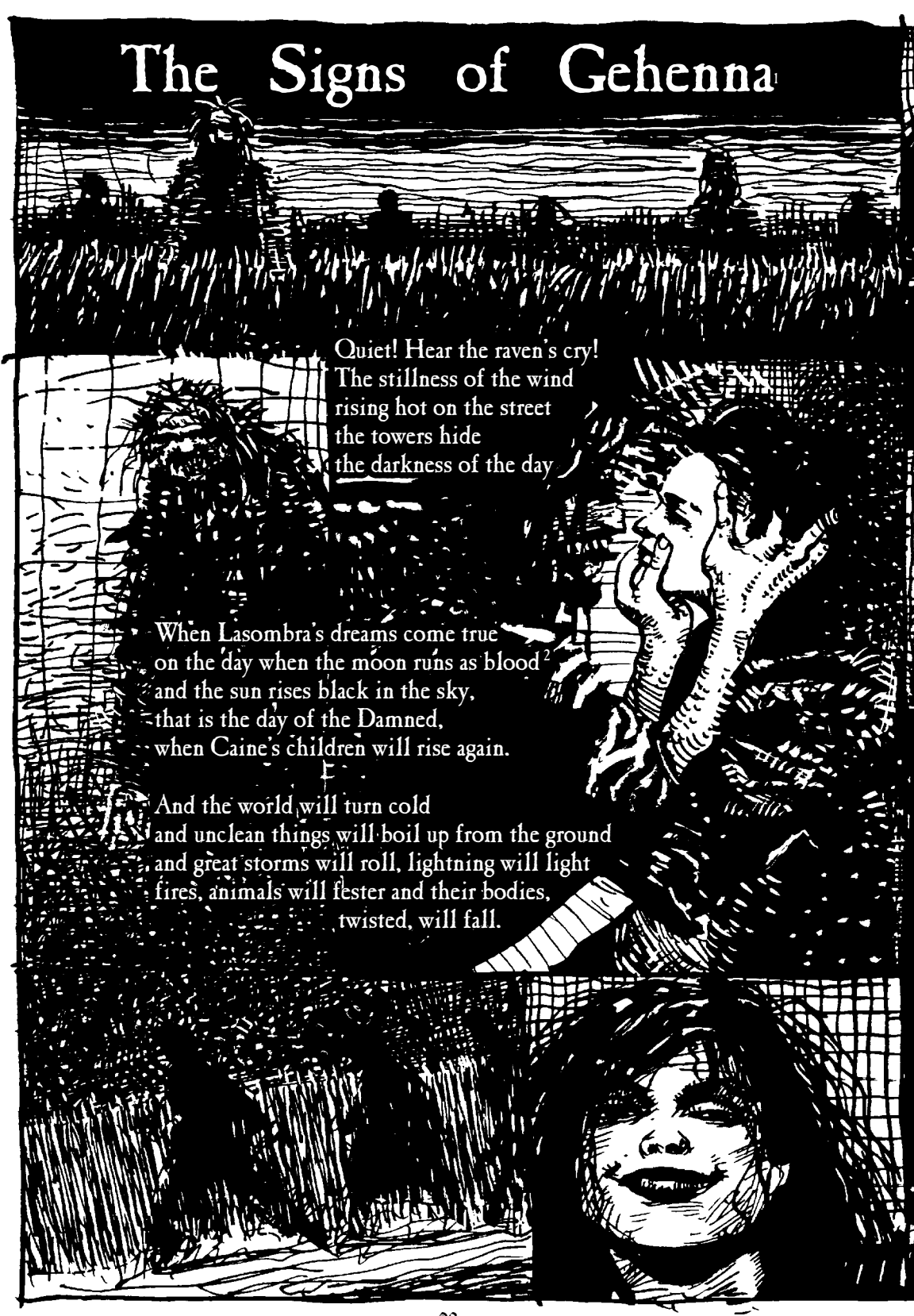
The Chronicle of Secrets

This is perhaps the shortest of the three Chronicles, but it contains prophecy and visions, and our kind are not generally given to superstitious mutterings and proclamations. It seems that, of the Antediluvians, only Saulot had the gift of prophecy. It is possible that Zillah, Caine's wife, also had this gift.

I have often commented that the things which affected the Antediluvians' thoughts also continue to affect our thoughts today. Surely these prophecies of Gehenna, thin blood, Lupines, and the like have begun to cause "self-fulfillment" of these prophecies. Because their worries are passed down from Generation to Generation, a ripple of paranoia and fear continues to reverberate through the Cainites, and through them, the Canaille.

The Chronicle of Secrets

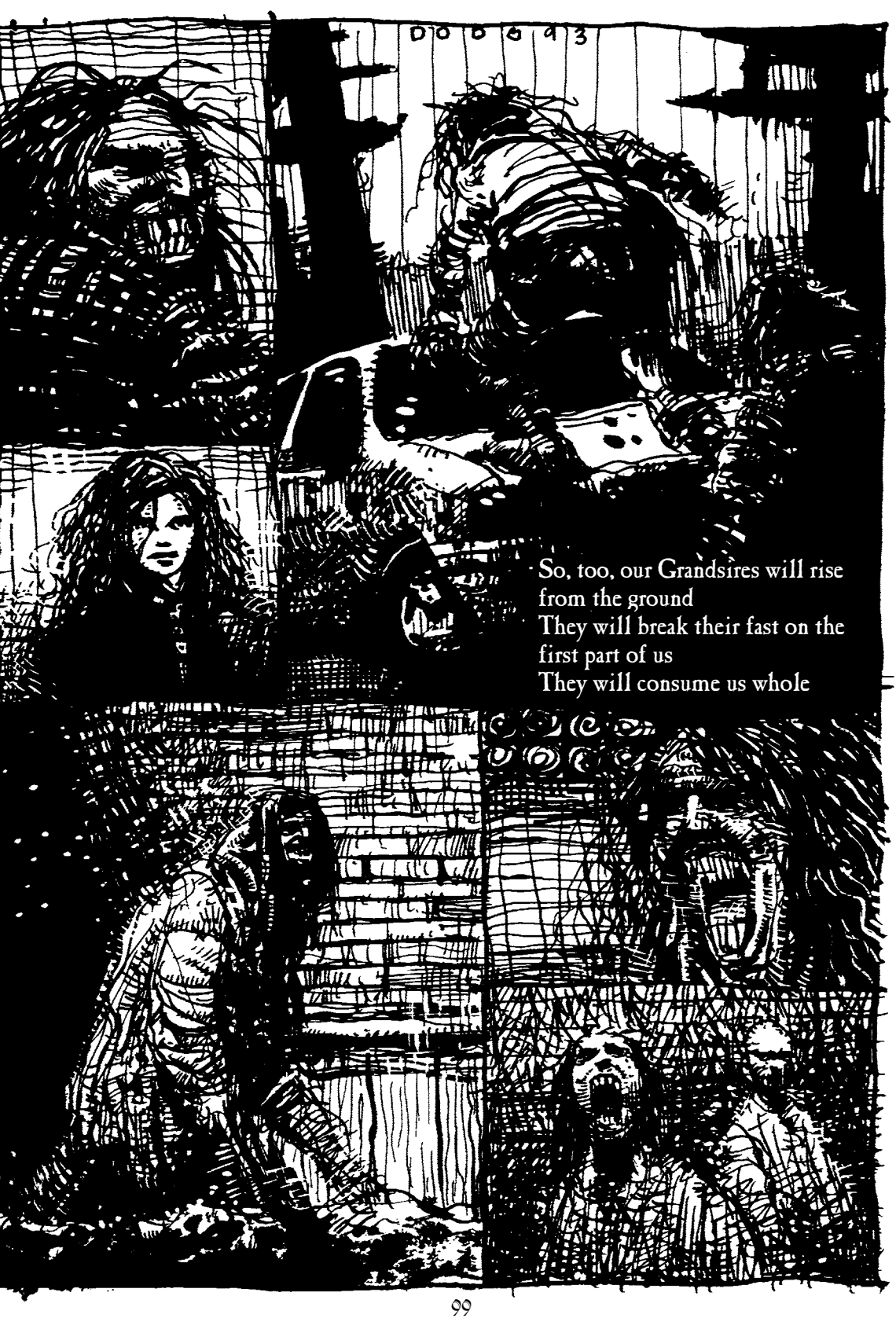
The Signs of Gehenna



Quiet! Hear the raven's cry!
The stillness of the wind
rising hot on the street
the towers hide
the darkness of the day

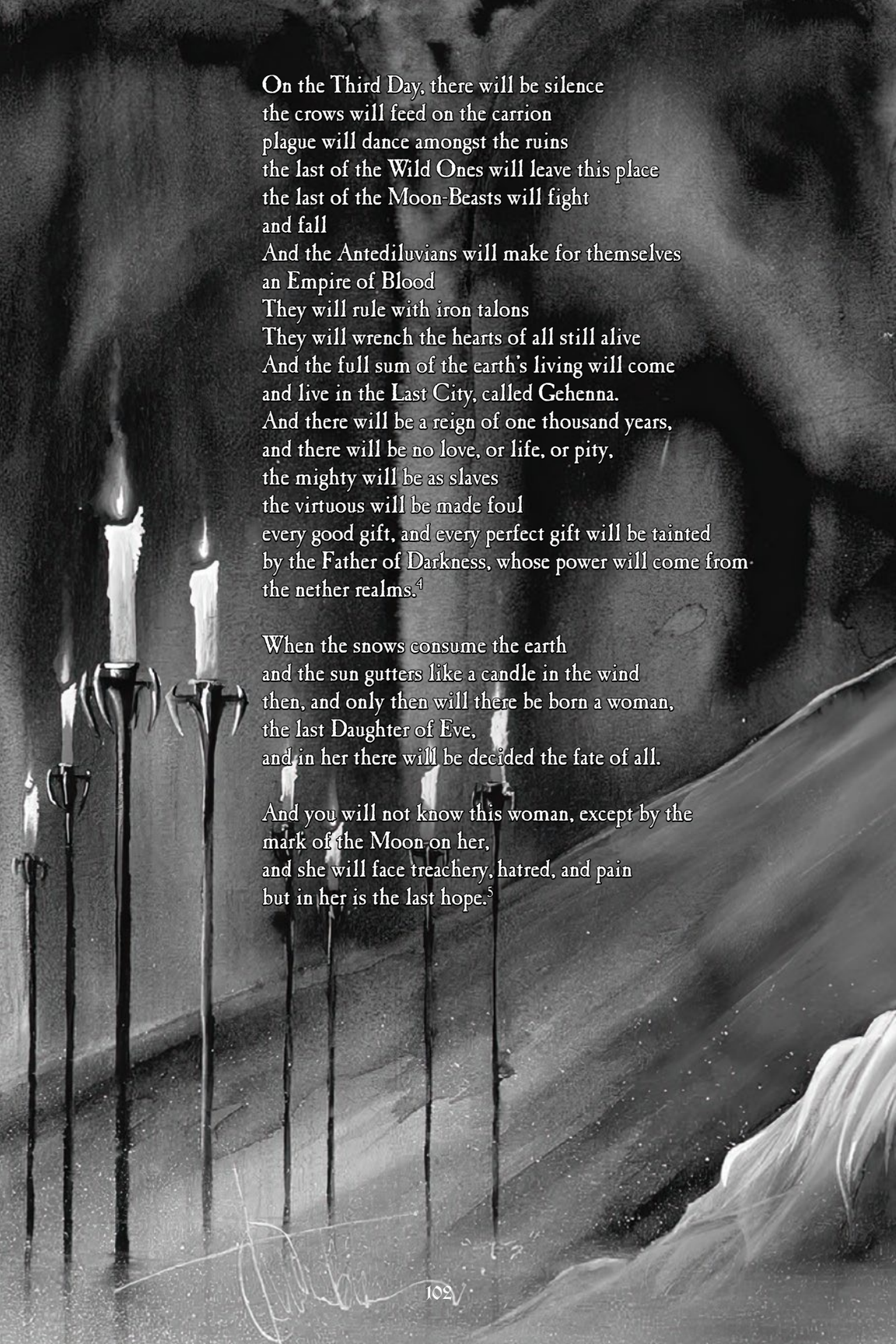
When Lasombra's dreams come true
on the day when the moon runs as blood [2]
and the sun rises black in the sky,
that is the day of the Damned,
when Caine's children will rise again.

And the world will turn cold
and unclean things will boil up from the ground
and great storms will roll, lightning will light
fires, animals will fester and their bodies,
twisted, will fall.


So, too, our Grandsires will rise from the ground
They will break their fast on the first part of us
They will consume us whole

On the second day, Caine will return
And call his Children to the meeting place
on the site of the First City he will beckon
them, sitting on his basalt throne.

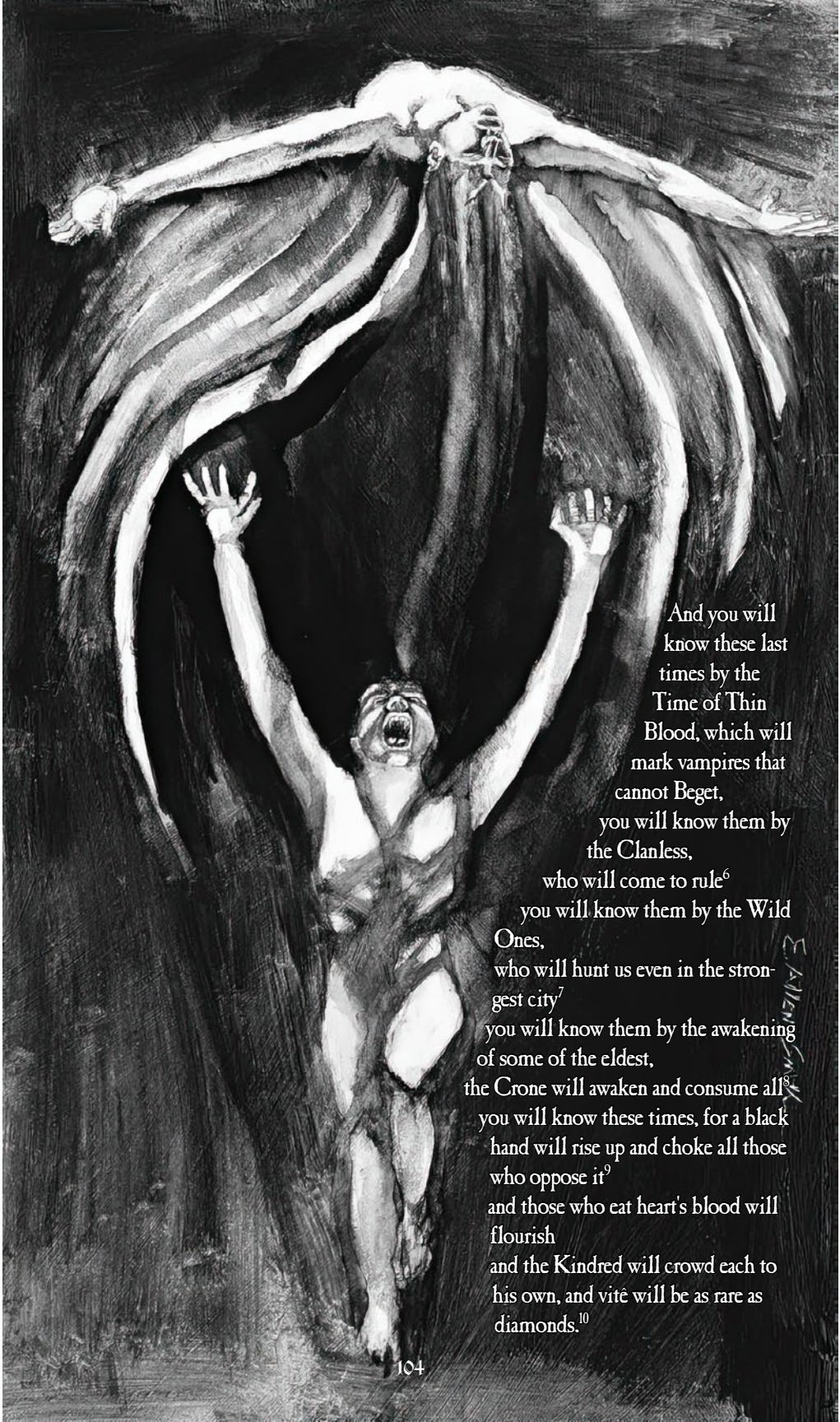
And Caine will call aloud the names of those to be destroyed,
for their crimes are too great
and all those who have consumed the heart's blood of their sire
will be brought before the Black Throne
and made to drink of Caine's blood
And Caine's blood will eat their blood
And the Dark Mother[3] herself will be brought forth
and there, in the valley of Enoch, will there be a battle
a duel of Dark Father and Dark Mother
The Demon Queen will bite deep
The Damned King will bite deeper
We will not know the thing which will happen,
but the sky will tear apart, and the earth below
And the forces of Hell will pour up out of the ground



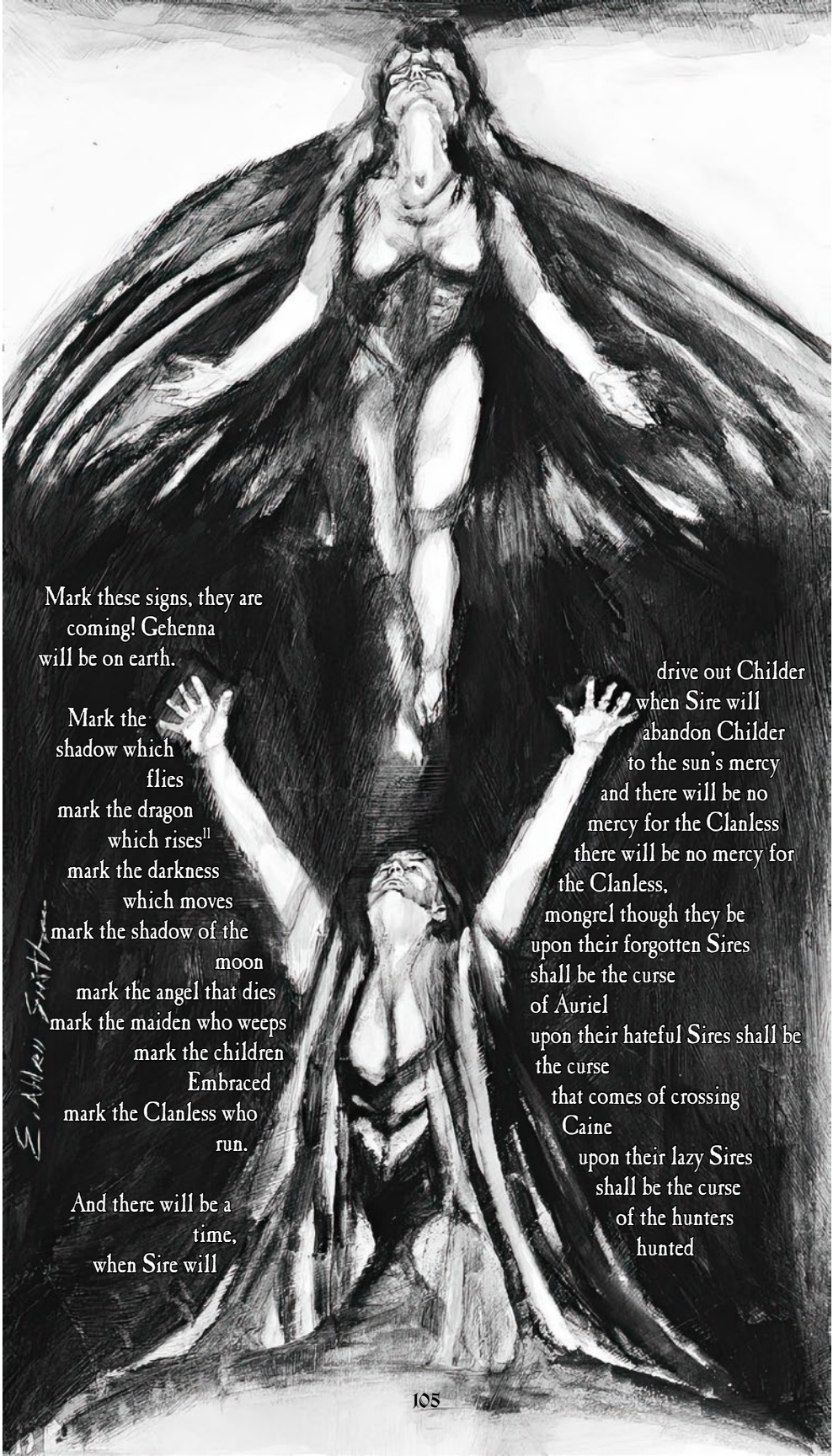
On the Third Day, there will be silence
the crows will feed on the carrion
plague will dance amongst the ruins
the last of the Wild Ones will leave this place
the last of the Moon-Beasts will fight
and fall
And the Antediluvians will make for themselves
an Empire of Blood
They will rule with iron talons
They will wrench the hearts of all still alive
And the full sum of the earth's living will come
and live in the Last City, called Gehenna.
And there will be a reign of one thousand years,
and there will be no love, or life, or pity,
the mighty will be as slaves
the virtuous will be made foul
every good gift, and every perfect gift will be tainted
by the Father of Darkness, whose power will come from
the nether realms.[4]

When the snows consume the earth
and the sun gutters like a candle in the wind
then, and only then will there be born a woman,
the last Daughter of Eve,
and in her there will be decided the fate of all.

And you will not know this woman, except by the
mark of the Moon on her,
and she will face treachery, hatred, and pain
but in her is the last hope.[5]



And you will
know these last
times by the
Time of Thin
Blood, which will
mark vampires that
cannot Beget,
you will know them by
the Clanless,
who will come to rule[6]
you will know them by the Wild
Ones,
who will hunt us even in the strongest city[7]
you will know them by the awakening
of some of the eldest,
the Crone will awaken and consume all[8]
you will know these times, for a black
hand will rise up and choke all those
who oppose it[9]
and those who eat heart's blood will
flourish
and the Kindred will crowd each to
his own, and vitæ will be as rare as
diamonds.[10]

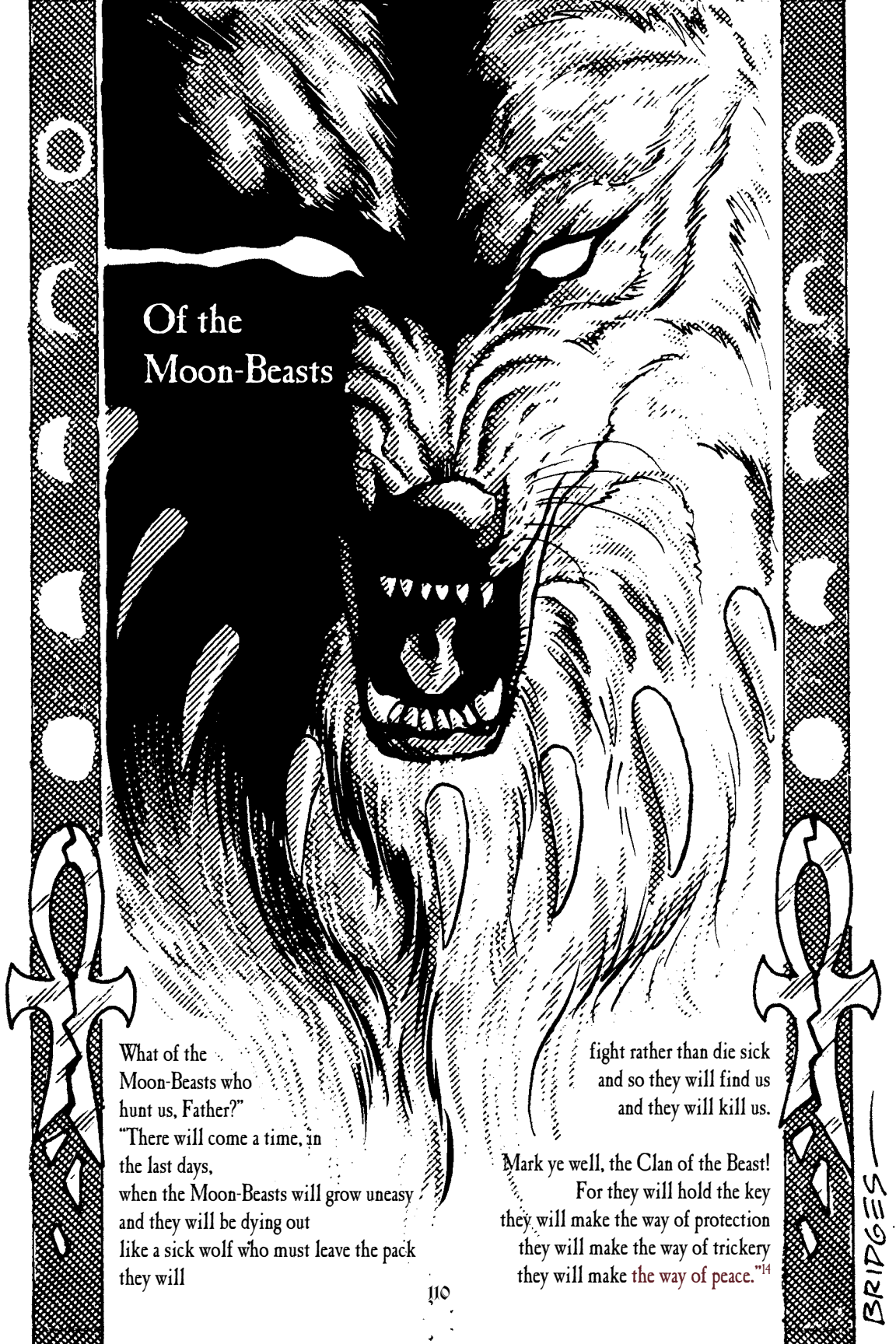

Mark these signs, they are coming! Gehenna will be on earth.
Mark the shadow which flies
mark the dragon which rises[11]
mark the darkness which moves
mark the shadow of the moon
mark the angel that dies
mark the maiden who weeps
mark the children Embraced
mark the Clanless who run.
And there will be a time, when Sire will drive out Childer
when Sire will abandon Childer to the sun's mercy
and there will be no mercy for the Clanless
there will be no mercy for the Clanless,
mongrel though they be
upon their forgotten Sires shall be the curse of Auriel
upon their hateful Sires shall be the curse
that comes of crossing Caine
upon their lazy Sires shall be the curse of the hunters hunted

Those among the Clanless will have no
path to follow
no family to name
no generation to hold
no traditions to keep
no customs to give
no hospitality to give
Why do you make these orphans?
Why do you leave them in the street?
They are the dark seed of our undoing
they will band together with those who
hate us
they will follow Brujah's Childer
they will make the blood run red
they are going to kill the dead
they are going to eat our kin
they will scream and bash our doors
they will cry aloud for justice
Clanless, all, they will wash over our
walls
Clanless, all, they will know secret ways
Clanless, all, they are Lilith's foul get
Clanless, all, they are newly Awake
Clanless, all! No family, no sign, no
loyalty, no elder.[12]

Beware those who walk without a clan,
for they will be our undoing.
Pity them! Adopt the orphans where you
can.
But watch them. In them is the bad seed
of their Sire.

Of Love[13]

And they asked Caine the old Father,
"Why do you command us to not Embrace
those we love?"
And Caine said to them, "Love is the sweet rain
which falls down from the One Above.
Love is the gift of life.
Remember ye not Auriel's Curse?
That we are to eat only ashes, drink only blood?
Blood is not sweet rain. Our drink takes Life."
And then Caine's eyes got the look of Visions,
and he quieted, then he spoke:
"But if ever one of us
is gifted
with the love of a mortal
without Command
or Awe,
without compulsion
a Love given freely,
then that Love will be as
the gentle rain
to even the lowliest of us.
And though we shall not Embrace it,
it will feed us as if we supped at our Father's table
it will satisfy our deepest thirst.
But harken ye, my children!
The Children of Seth will always hate us again and again,
for we are their predators
we are their Masters
and they know this, deep in their soul.
Look not for Love among them! They will not give it.
Be not a fool."



Of the Moon-Beasts

What of the
Moon-Beasts who
hunt us, Father?"
"There will come a time, in
the last days,
when the Moon-Beasts will grow uneasy
and they will be dying out
like a sick wolf who must leave the pack
they will
fight rather than die sick
and so they will find us
and they will kill us.

Mark ye well, the Clan of the Beast!
For they will hold the key
they will make the way of protection
they will make the way of trickery
they will make the way of peace."[14]

BRIDGES — SEEGER

The Time of Thin Blood
There will come a time, when the
Curse of the One Above
will not be tolerated further
when the Lineage of Caine will end
When the Blood of Caine will be weak
and there will be no Embracing for
these Childer
for their blood will run like water,
and the Potence in it will wither
Then, you know in this time that
Gehenna will soon be upon you.[15]
CRAIG GILMORE

The Awakening of the Dark Father

There will come a time,
when the heads of three Princes
will watch the burning of the dawn
on a pillar of white.[16]
There will come a time
when an ancient hunger will awaken
deep in the northern woods
and consume all her childer

There will come a time
when an Elder Darkness will stir
deep below a city which has forgotten
and will surprise the Elder, its children.

Of these signs, you will know,
the Dark Father, bastard of Caine,
will awaken, and drink deep of blood
sacrificed to it

Of these signs, you will know
that the time has come to lay claim
to your Clan's safety,
to fight the Dark Father.

On these signs, you must know,
that Gehenna waits, even at the door,
as an actor waits in the wings
It is coming! It is near!

Shine black the sun!
Shine blood the moon!
Gehenna is coming soon.

Notes to the "Chronicle of Secrets"

1. This prophecy was supposedly written down, word for word, by the scribe of the court of Enoch. It is a prophecy that was spoken aloud by Saulot, after a period of fasting and cleansing. It is said that Saulot vanished soon after pronouncing this vision, and this is probably the reason why the original clan of Saulot was not as prevalent. I was able to come by this through the intervention of a Salubri who showed me to a secret grave beneath the Westminster Abbey. Inside, written in Sumerian, like many of the Antediluvian writings, was the prophecy, scribed on papyrus that was almost magically preserved. While translating this piece, I frequently had dreams of Gehenna, and I am glad to be rid of this writing.
2. It is well known that Lasombra wishes the death of the Sun, the blackening of the day-time sky.
3. I left it translated as Dark Mother, but there can be only one name for the Dark Queen of the Dead— Lilith.
4. This seems a blasphemous patchwork transliteration of many important Biblical verses, but this is how the passage translates, and I let it stand.
5. Who is this mortal woman? No one can tell. Many Tremere, it is said, search the world for mortal women with crescent moon birthmarks.
6. A Caitiff prince— who would think of it? Yet this is one of the signs of Gehenna.
7. This is a common theme about the time of Gehenna. The Lupines stay in their countryside, but I have seen a few here and there living in the darkest parts of the city. Do we dare share a city with the Changing Breed, who fight us at every turn?
8. Could this be the Crone from the Chronicle of Caine? Perhaps she did not die in the sun as Caine thought. Or perhaps this bespeaks another Crone: there are certainly many Methuselah vampiresses who fit the description.
9. Several Toreador I have shown this manuscript to complain that this is a direct allusion to the Sabbat, the Black Hand, and that surely Gehenna is upon us.
10. Certainly this is already happening!
11. Count Vlad Tepes, Dracula, has been called "The Dragon" before. Could this bespeak him?

12. The strangeness of the Caitiff continues to disturb me. Where they come from, none know, although I have traced a few of them back to Malkavian and Brujah sires who have simply abandoned them. Still, some seem to be made by shadowy figures who may or may not be of a clan themselves. These verses explain the Antediluvian's obvious prejudice against the clanless, and this prejudice has been carried down through the ages to the Kindred as a whole.
13. I place this here because it is pure speculation and is attributed to Caine's prophetic powers. Certainly Love is a powerful force, one that I am not familiar with, but I have heard tales of the newly Embraced being rescued by those they loved, and subsequently Rebirthed into mortal form.

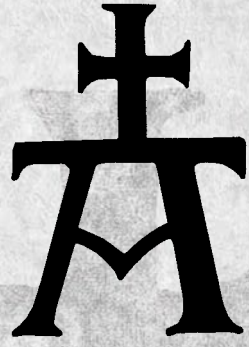
14. This, in my opinion, is the Antediluvian foundation of Kindred thought regarding Lupines. It is a reason why all Kindred array themselves against the Lupines, and why the Gangrel are given leave to have truck with them. Remember that the thoughts of the Antediluvians become the customs of the Methuselahs, which become the laws of the elders.

15. This was written on a stone cross in Norway, in old Norse runes, and was barely translatable when I saw it decades ago. I include it for completeness: I'm not sure whether it was intended as part of the Book of Nod or if it was a separate creation. It seems quite old.

16. I have placed these prophecies together in a grouping I call "The Awakening of the Dark Father." This is because I discovered them all in a sealed crypt inside the Smithsonian Institution's Art History wing. I don't believe that the curators would have been pleased to learn that a Ventrue friend of mine had Dominated their well-paid guards into allowing me to explore down there. The translation of the tablets I found there took seven nights, and I believe them to be the most cryptic and most prophetic of all the collection of Secrets that I have. I have no way of knowing whether or not these prophecies are connected. My childe, Beckett, believes that it is perhaps a collection of different visions linked together with a loose literary bridging.

I can see where many of these visions may be the root of several Antediluvian plots (certainly the Dark Father must be some Antediluvian that Caine isn't particularly pleased with— perhaps even Brujah's founder.)

RM



Appendix:
The Known History of the First City

What we know of the First City comes from a tiny selection of tablet fragments, vase shards and carved monuments uncovered after two thousand years of burial. The First City was unique in it's vampiric nature. There, the two generations of Cane's Children, the second and the third generation, created for themselves a society which adapted to their particular vampiric customs, needs, and powers.

From what has been unearthed, we know that the Kindred of the First City were the upper rung of the hierarchy, with Caine, of course, being at the top. Although the three Children of Caine (Enoch, Zillar, and Jrad) were supposedly the next 'rung' down, several of the Third Generation, Caine's Grandchilder, enjoyed special status (notably Saulot, who was always at Caine's side, especially in the later days) equal to the Second Generation.

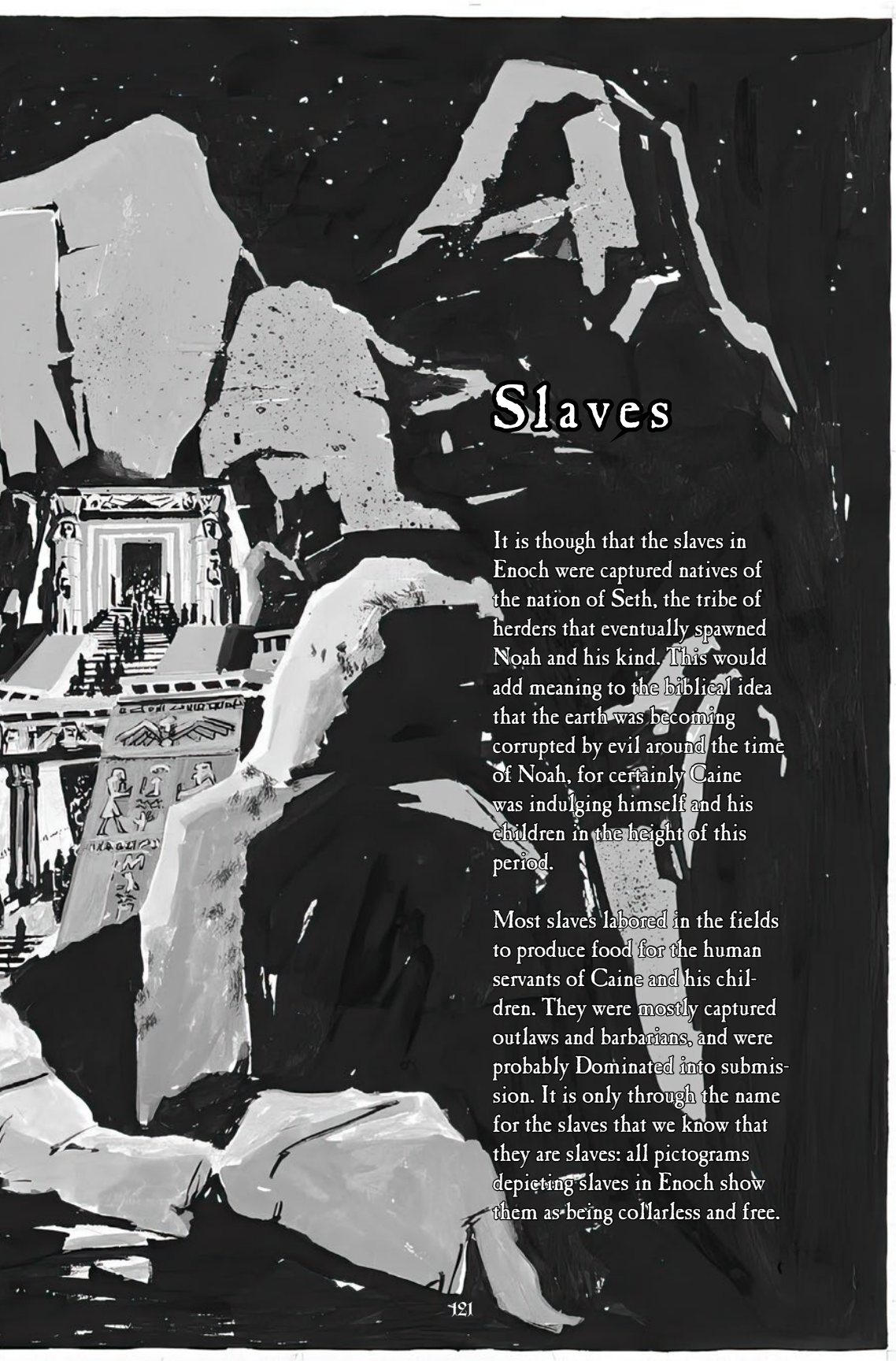
Bellow all Kindred were the Children of Seth, that is to say the humans, exept for one. That one was the Master of Servants, the original one-who-serves, called Jabal in some myths. Jabal was equal to one of Caine's Grandchilder because he was so close to Caine. There was very little of Jabal's own blood in his body, it was all mostly the Blood of Caine.

Those-who-serve, the latter-day ghouls, were the next lowest rung, followed by all mortal servants who attended the Kindred. The rest — those who farmed, labored, etc. — were the least.

Do not, however, misjudge the Kindred of this time. They were doing what their father, Caine, told them to do. Caine truly felt as an uncle to these orphaned children of Seth's, and he saw it as his duty to protect them and guide them. He took his duty seriously. A few of the legends show Caine the Lawgiver as a tiger, and a wolf, and a hawk, attacking the enemies of the peole. They show him also sitting in judgment on an Ivory Throne in the midst of a great Court — apparently the powers of Auspex at that time were considerable enough to allow Caine (or the residing Kindred) to look into the heart of a man and discern whether they had done right or wrong.

Caine was also able to see when one of his children's Powers had worked on the human. He was also able to cancel the effects of any Discipline used in his vicinity. It was this total mastery of all Disciplines that kept Cane in power, truly, for although he was a decent king and an honest law-giver, his Disciplines ensured that the rest of the powerful Kindred stayed in line.

Caine had the ability to create new Disciplines on the spot if he wished. It is thought that his power to do this was the forerunner of the Thaumaturgy Discipline and the various Thaumaturgical Paths.



Slaves

It is though that the slaves in Enoch were captured natives of the nation of Seth, the tribe of herders that eventually spawned Noah and his kind. This would add meaning to the biblical idea that the earth was becoming corrupted by evil around the time of Noah, for certainly Caine was indulging himself and his children in the height of this period.

Most slaves labored in the fields to produce food for the human servants of Caine and his children. They were mostly captured outlaws and barbarians, and were probably Dominated into submission. It is only through the name for the slaves that we know that they are slaves: all pictograms depicting slaves in Enoch show them as being collarless and free.

Feeding

I was shocked to learn that the custom of the Blood Feast that the Sabbat are said to partake in was duplicated in ancient times by Caine and his court. At a feast. Caine would have several condemned criminals tied by their ankles to beams above the table. The Kindred present would feed at leisure off these prisoners until they died of the treatment. Drawings depict Caine and several of his childer drinking from a pool of blood that is fed by three inverted mortals bleeding into it.

We know, as well, that much was known during that time about the taste of blood and how to improve it. Several of the "cooks" of Enochs time learned the various savory herbs and foods and drinks that would, when ingested by the feeding-slave. cause the right balance of sweet and salt, fullness and thinness for the blood of the feeding slaves.

Slaves unable to work in the field were invariably made feeding slaves. These slaves were probably very lovely to look at (one glyph shows a feeding-slave dressed in a veil and jewels) and highly conditioned to respond to the Kiss.

Calendar

Enoch observed the planting seasons, like all agricultural communities. There is evidence that there was a great celebration in the High House of Caine every new moon, and a great thanksgiving night on the day after an eclipse. This may have been when the werewolves were most likely to attack, if indeed it is werewolves that were around during this time. and not demons as some have suggested. Caine provided a very advanced calendar for

the time. On Midsummer's Eve one year, Caine painted a red line of his own blood on the circular wall of his High House. The line magically moved day by day. slowly circling the house until it came back around to the Solstice again. It was through this auspice that Caine provided the citizens of the First City a calendar.

Breeding

Much was learned about the breeding of humans with other humans and either Kindred or kine developed birth control. Humans were bred for specific purposes, such as being strong for feeding, or being a good warrior. or being a good laborer. If you were frequently successful in your tasks, you might get selected to further your line. This would be done in a house called the Temple of Lilith, which was neither a Temple and was probably not even dedicated to Lilith. Two humans would have ritual sex here and then never see each other again, especially if they served two separate masters. Kindred with Auspex were apparently able to tell immediately that a woman had gotten with child from a union.

Religion

Unlike most cultures of ancient times, there was no religion in Enoch. Caine forbade the worship of the One Above, having turned his face from Him. and allowed his subjects no trips to the temple to become scrubbed from sin. Indeed, Caine would often hold forth in open court about how they were all doomed to rot in hell, about how their plight would fall on deaf ears when the time for Armageddon comes and about how truly evil the Kindred are as a race.

Afterword

Good old Aristotle. You can always trust him to spin a good yarn, even if he should have known better than to believe this crap. He also should have known not to give it to Beckett. Thanks, Beckett, we'll make sure the right people see this. Yeah, right, only 200 copies. Sorry, Aristotle, it's time everyone got a peek at what's been going on.

Also, thanks for the art. Aristotle put together one hell of a collection, didn't he? Beckett said his sire went to the ends of the earth to gather every known piece of art relating to the *Book of Nod*. Can you believe he only wanted "a select few" to see it?

We (that means us— the undead, the Damned, the Kindred, the blood-sucking Leeches from hell) do more damage to this world in one night than an army of Colombian drug dealers could do in their entire lives. Murder, corruption and destruction follow us wherever we go.

Just to give you fine readers an idea of the sort of games we play with your lives, consider a nasty little incident that happened in Boston about 20 years ago. On Sept. 12, 1974, while the prince of the city took a convenient European vacation, a minor elder saw his chance to take out a neonate who had been a thorn in his side.

He ordered his ghouls to take advantage of the racial unrest in the city to attack some of the neonate's mortal allies, who were mostly black. The ghouls followed their orders— and carried them out in the public eye. The neonate's allies had gone to help make sure recent school desegregation plans went off without a hitch. The ghouls attacked them, hoping everyone would blame Boston's racial tension for the attack.

Well, mortals did more than blame the tension; they jumped right in. As soon as the ghouls began their attack, whites who had been protesting school bussing joined them. Maybe the protests would have ended in violence without the ghouls; maybe they wouldn't have. In any case, the elder's orders touched off a firestorm he should have predicted but didn't. Racial violence ran rampant through Boston for more than a month before things began to calm down again.

This is just one example. We've been playing these games for centuries— millennia, if this book has any truth to it. Of course, you mortals aren't the only victims. We do even worse things to each other.

The Elders

The soldiers of tyranny (that has a nice ring to it) are what we call the elders. These are the old dudes who've gotten their part of the pie and are now dead set against anyone else getting anything.

For instance, a bunch of older Kindred in Chicago became royally peeved at a bunch of Licks in Gary. Now, you wouldn't think a few Indiana Licks could threaten the great and powerful lords of Chicago, but that's not how the elders felt. Instead, they cracked down on the city, driving its industry into the dumps, terrorizing its inhabitants, blocking its trade and doing anything else they could think of to make Gary a living hell. They continue these games to this very night. They have gone to a lot of effort just to make unlife difficult for a few minor vampires.

Of course, there are other theories on the matter. I've heard that both groups are pawns of more powerful vampires (like the ones I'll describe later) and that the fighting in Gary has just been a minor sideshow to the main fights. My favorite theory is that a Methuselah is forcing the Chicago elders to worry about Gary so that he can go about his business in Chicago unimpeded.

This seems to be a common part of our eternal Jyhad. Older vampires manipulate younger vampires into oppressing even younger ones. This way, the real old vampires avoid any blame, and the young whippersnappers who might normally

contend for their power become caught up in fights against each other.

An old Cainite once told me how these games had worked in ancient Rome. Apparently, that part of Italy had long been home to a number of Ventrue. As the city grew, however, more Kindred flocked to the city. Soon Malkavians, Lasombra, Setites, Nosferatu and other freakish beings crowded into its limited confines.

Things began coming to a head a few centuries after the destruction of Carthage (the result of another petty Brujah/Ventrue struggle). In Rome's earliest days, the vampire factions battled for control of various senators. When an emperor took over (don't ask me who or what was responsible for that), the whole game changed. One figure held most of the power, and everyone wanted a piece of that action.

Within a few hundred years, several dozen vampires, sorcerers, demons and other creatures were fighting for control of the emperor. For instance, the demonic vampiress Tiamat always tried to stir up whatever wars and mayhem she could. A group of sorcerers called the Order of Mercury pretended to be the defenders of the empire, but were really being manipulated by demons trying to bring it down. A Setite who went by the name "Dahshur" took great pleasure in instilling intense fear in the emperors and the members of their households.

Of course, there were also vampires (especially Ventrue) trying to keep the empire strong. Their efforts, while self-motivated, at least had the aim of keeping the people happy and secure. Their added pull, however, had the unintended result of making things even more confused and chaotic. No emperor could rule effectively while being tugged in so many different directions. Some did well, either because of strong will or a powerful patron, but most failed.

According to the old Cainite, the intrigues of Rome pale when compared to those of ancient Persia. He said almost a thousand vampires flocked to the Persian Empire during its heyday; it was the greatest concentration of vampires the world had ever seen. Of course, they were spread out across Asia Minor, but they were all nearequal in power, and their intrigues were without comparison.

The old Cainite didn't give me any of the names I mentioned here; they're just ones I've come across since he told me about the situation. These three aren't around any more. Others, like the Toreador Caius Petronius, who influenced Nero so much, may still be around. The rest still influence events under a host of names, whether they're known as Dimestico, Maggie Flury, McGrath, Tenga, Typee or whatever.

Most elders aren't that old. Cainites considered elders in Rome have become today's Methuselahs. Other elders did not survive the collapse of the empire, and most who did survive met their ends during the Middle Ages, falling to the Inquisition or the Sabbat. The elders of our age will no doubt follow a similar pattern, and we can hope that whatever will destroy them does so soon.

The elders are a great annoyance, with their self-inflated egos and insistent refusal to acknowledge that they are being controlled by others. They may take the most insane actions, have no good reason for why they acted as they did, and still insist that they acted of their own volition. For instance, a powerful Malkavian used to travel the world, challenging elders to chess games. If he won, he got to commit Diablerie upon the elder. If the elder won, the elder got to commit Diablerie upon the Malkavian. The Malkavian invariably won. Why did the elders keep playing him? Because their masters commanded it, trying to make their pieces more powerful.

Of course, commands are not always necessary. The elders are calculating and devious, but their passions often rule them

more intensely than they rule any neonate. Build up an intense hatred within an elder and she will do everything in her power to destroy the target of that anger. Convince an elder that he loves another, and nothing will come between him and the object of his desire. Often, if an elder acts without rhyme or reason, one can be sure that his long-suppressed emotions have taken over.

Other actions cannot be explained away so easily. When a member of the primogen who has always supported the prince throws her weight behind a contender for the throne, there may be any number of reasons. Maybe her master is at odds with the prince's master. Maybe her master has always opposed the prince's master, but has used her as a double agent, waiting for just the right time to spring his surprise. Maybe a new master has seized control of her.

The answer could be even more diabolical. Maybe her master is also the prince's master, and he hopes to force his enemies to reveal themselves by giving them this opportunity. Maybe one master controls them both, but wants a more capable prince. Perhaps their master wants to use the prince somewhere else, but does not want anyone to believe that the prince has any more usefulness. Ah, yes, you can almost pity the elders when you realize how badly they are being manipulated. Almost.

The Methuselahs

If the elders make up the enlisted ranks in the Jyhad, then the Methuselahs are the lieutenants. These guys are scary. They have powers I can only dream about, and they use them without hesitation. Even those in torpor— and there are a number of them— wield immense influence over the world. Marikasha, a Toreador active at least as early as ancient Crete, now sleeps under a mountain in Tanzania.

From there he uses a small cult called the Blood Bonds. They worship him, for he possesses incredible powers of the mind and can bend others to his will. If one of his followers makes eye contact with someone outside the cult, he can Dominate that outsider through his servant. He can then give the victim telepathic commands and force him to do his bidding. His interests range across the globe, and no one knows when he may want to take control.

Still, these fabulous abilities are only part of the reason Methuselahs are such a threat. Indeed, if their powers were the only reason to fear them, we would not worry. Instead, their big problem, and the main reason they are dangerous, is that far too many of them deny that they are being manipulated from above.

For instance, Brunhilde, a powerful Gangrel in Northwest Europe, battles Ventrue all across the continent, blaming them for the ecological destruction the land has suffered. She does not work with the werewolves, but uses her formidable might in much the same way, destroying factories and those who pollute the land. On the other hand, she has never risen a hand to stop the ecological catastrophes wrought by the old Soviet Union or today's Russia.

Indeed, I have it on very good authority that she helped the old Brujah rulers defeat Garou who tried to stop the environmental rape. Also, when Chernobyl blew up, spreading its poison across Scandinavia, she was noticeably silent. Other Gangrel yelled and screamed, threatening the Brujah, but not her.

Now, this all leads to two conclusions. The first is that her ecological concern is only a front, a lie, but those who meet her feel the fervor of her convictions. The second conclusion is that she has been manipulated by forces in Russia, an idea she would no doubt deny— but which seems to be the only acceptable assumption.

Brunhilde is only the tip of the iceberg and certainly does not count as one of the most powerful Methuselahs. Each clan has its

own rumors of incredibly powerful ancients whose power would make your 129 hair curl and whose actions could only be understood as being under someone else's control.

The Nosferatu speak in dark whispers of monstrous ancestors who inhabit the deepest caverns of the Earth. Brujah elders fear the childer of the clan founder, who despise today's Brujah as the progeny of a traitor. Young Ventrue fear masters who would control every aspect of their existence.

The Methuselahs deserve the fear we feel for them. They make up the heart of the plots within plots with which we must deal. My own earliest encounter with a Methuselah is especially instructive. I had made my home in Peru and made the acquaintance of a group of local anarchs. These self-proclaimed freedom fighters spent most of their time fighting the Sabbat and seemed to have little conflict with the area's prince. (The prince I refer to here is not Carmalita Marie Santo, Prince of Lima, but the Kindred who was the Prince of Arequipa at the time.)

It took me little time to realize that the same Cainite I had noticed manipulating the prince was secretly meeting with some of the anarchs about once a month. Aha! I thought, this elder supports the Camarilla in its war against the Sabbat. Then I realized that the prince had sent a number of his ghouls to support the Shining Path, a terrorist group with definite ties to the Black Hand. This would normally mean that whoever controlled the prince would oppose the enemies of the Shining Path: the government, the military and the church.

Digging deeper, I discovered Giovanni ties to the local church and some of the government leaders, a Setite hold on much of the rest of the government, and Ventrue control of the military and bureaucracy. The Giovanni, however, had used their influence to keep the Inquisition out of Arequipa, the Setites gave the Shining Path much of its money, and the prince was a Ventrue, with close ties to other Blue Bloods.

At this point, I decided my only hope of discovering what was really going on was to keep an eye on the elder— easier said than done. That task became simpler when I met him at a Camarilla conclave in Colombia. The elder, then going by the name Nunéz, introduced himself as an old friend of the Justicar who had called the conclave. He spoke out forcefully for suppressing both anarchs and the Sabbat.

Nunéz and the Justicar spent a great deal of time in secret conferences, and by the end of the conclave, Nunéz had established himself as a great defender of the Camarilla. In the next year, however, I traced his movements across Central and South America, where he met with Sabbat, werewolves, voodoo priests, business executives and even stranger beings.

During these travels, I began to realize just how powerful Nunéz was. In a single night, he appeared, seemingly without effort, in different cities a thousand miles apart. Once he traveled into the deepest parts of the Amazon, the heart of Lupine territory, and returned several nights later, none the worse for his journey. Throughout his travels, his pawns in Arequipa and other places continued to do his bidding as though he was there to give them orders.

When I found myself forced to leave Lima, I lost track of Nunéz for a while. Indeed, our paths did not cross again until last year. I had been hunting an old Gargoyle through the Swiss mountains and stopped in Geneva to present myself to Prince Guillaume. As I waited by a window for a ghoul to announce me, I noticed two vampires lingering in the courtyard far below.

Concentrating, I suddenly realized that one was Nunéz. I did not know the other— a tall, slender vampire of noble bearing— but I listened carefully all the same. What I heard chilled me to what remains of my soul. The two were discussing recent events

in Russia, and Nunéz listened as the other described, in German made even more threatening by a thick Romanian accent, the new Russian threat.

As this unknown vampire stroked his mustache, he spun a tale of destruction and devastation unparalleled in human history. The Antediluvians had awakened one of their greatest puppets, and it would soon unleash its full fury on the world. It had already awakened some of the mightiest terrors of ancients times and now prepared to release these nightmares on an unsuspecting world.

Then he and Nunéz turned their eyes to the sliver of a moon hanging in the sky and laughed.

The Antediluvians

I pray to God that the Antediluvians are the generals of our petty wars, because if there is someone above them, I don't want to know about it. I have little doubt that a number of very powerful Cainites form the base of this maddening Jyhad. Whether there are 13 of them, whether they had the same sire and whether they survived some ancient flood, I don't know.

While I have heard many stories about what these beings used to do, stories concerning their activities since the days of the Roman Empire are exceedingly rare. It seems that many of these beings either went into torpor or met their Final Deaths during this time (the former is the more likely). The Tremere, Giovanni, Tzimisce and Lasombra clan leaders are the obvious exceptions to this.

In each of these cases, legend has it that during the Middle Ages, upstarts committed Diablerie upon the Antediluvians who used to head those clans. I've always found these stories hard to believe. After all, the oldest Kindred I've known had powers beyond belief. If a 4,000-year-old vampire had the power to level a building with a thought, what kind of terror could a 10,000-year-old (or older) Antediluvian of even mightier generation wreak? Could even an army of Methuselahs bring such a creature down?

The paranoia begins again. Did the Antediluvians fake their own ends? Are there other powers which destroyed them and then blamed the destruction on vampires? Did the Antediluvians willingly go to their destruction? If so, why? Did they know something we don't?

Still, the Antediluvians who were extinguished don't worry me nearly as much as the ones who still exist. There must be a purpose to this Jyhad. Such powerful beings cannot be creating such devastation without a reason. What could cause such ancient, mighty and (presumably) brilliant beings to engage in such seemingly petty games?

The most obvious motivation is power. Among the kine, those who have the most power often seem to be the ones most intent on accumulating more. The same appears to be true for the Kindred (with some exceptions), so it would make sense that the most powerful Cainites would be the ones with the greatest lust for more power.

Thus they marshal their forces, controlling mighty vampires with Blood Bonds, Domination, rituals and other methods. They make deals with mighty (nonvampiric) entities and use these to control others. Then they send these mighty forces out to take what the other Antediluvians have built. Bit by bit, they become more powerful. One Gangrel elder even told me that they were trying to become truly godlike in their power and that the werewolves fear the time that mighty vampires become power incarnate.

There is only problem with this theory: at some point, one of the Antediluvians would become more powerful than the others and wipe them out. This has not happened in 10,000 years (well, maybe it has, but you couldn't tell) and does not look like it will happen any time soon. Maybe their plots take an even longer time to come to fruition, or maybe the weaker ones

gang up on the stronger until everyone is even, but 131 I do not usually believe that power is their main motivation.

More cynical vampires blame the Jyhad on boredom. The Antediluvians have been around so long, experienced so much and become so jaded that only constant warfare provides them with any stimulation. The only thing that can stir their tired brains is constant conflict with their equals. If this is true, they do not want the game to end, and the Jyhad will continue as long as the Antediluvians exist.

This hypothesis has its weaknesses as well. Surely such mighty minds could find something else to excite them. Mysteries of all kinds exist in this world. An Antediluvian brain turned to unlocking the secrets of magick, science, art or philosophy could remain occupied for eons. Surely that would be more satisfying than endless rounds of manipulation and subterfuge.

Maybe there are higher goals at stake here. It could be a question of good versus evil. For instance, a consortium of Antediluvians, including such notorious ones as Set, Tzimisce, Tremere and Assam (whose real name, I've heard, is either Hashshan al-Safa or Hashshan ibn Canan) may strive to turn our existence into a Hell on Earth for their own nefarious purposes. Only the continued opposition of Brujah (said to be named Troile), Gangrel, Toreador and Ravnos has stopped them.

In this scenario, the other Antediluvians become the swing players, and whichever side the other five end up on will determine the fate of the world. Of course, I have no evidence that something like this exists and base this hypothesis on imagination, not fact. Still, something like this may well exist. Rumors that some of them (especially Set) dealt with devils occur regularly.

Considering the disparity between the clans, it is possible that each Antediluvian strives to create what he considers the best of all possible worlds. For instance, Ventrue wants to create a world where everything is in perfect order, while Toreador wants a world of artistic vision and beauty. They see the others as obstacles to their goals and send their followers out to destroy these obstacles.

Again, I have no direct evidence to support this idea, but such a vision could well motivate at least some of the Antediluvians. If we accept this hypothesis, we must also believe that they have our best interest in mind— albeit in a twisted way. They use us as pawns for our own good.

Then again, maybe they all feel they are doing the bidding of Caine (or God, Odin, Gaia or whatever). We could be dealing with the equivalent of 13 different religious whackos, each one fanatical in her belief that she is the only one who knows what Caine really wants. These religious nuts, however, have the power to back up their claims, and we may be dealing with a real, religious Jyhad.

A final conjecture as to why the Antediluvians carry out their games is the basic issue of survival. The only being powerful enough to threaten an Antediluvian is another Antediluvian. Therefore, none of them can be safe until the other 12 have been destroyed. They can't trust each other enough to stop fighting, and thus the war continues. The only time they work together is when another Antediluvian has become too powerful and they must combine forces to bring that one down.

This would certainly explain such events as the sack of Carthage, when other clans joined the Ventrue in battling the Brujah, or World War I, when a number of clans joined forces against the Tremere and Ventrue. It would also imply that things will get worse, because if the Antediluvians have caused this much carnage with the limited weapons they have had access to so far, think what they might be able to do in the next centuries.

Of course, there is no definite evidence that there are 13 Antediluvians. There

could be more; there could be less. A Malkavian called the Dionysian told a group of Kindred that only one being was behind the Jyhad. While someone else later told me the Dionysian was speaking metaphorically, that the one being he was referring to was really each individual vampire, it is equally interesting when considered as a fact.

What if all of this is the work of one powerful Antediluvian acting in ways we cannot even begin to fathom? What if he has manipulated everyone who has been manipulated for his own nefarious scheme? Are you prepared for what the result would be?

Caine

Rumors involving Caine pop up regularly. Anyone who takes them seriously is a fool or a Malkavian. If Caine did return, we could all just close the coffin and turn off the lights, because that would begin the endgame. Still, different vampires have their own reasons for crying Caine.

For instance, when a couple of South African Nosferatu wanted to force the Camarilla to take down an abusive prince, they faked a Caine sighting. Using their Obfuscation, and aided by a Toreador and her Presence, they really shook up the local Kindred— and a lot of mortals as well. Sure enough, that caught a Justicar's eye.

The Justicar and his Archons stormed into Johannesburg, interrogated everyone and dug up a bunch of Cainites no one even knew were in town. The Justicar forced the prince to step down, all right. He also destroyed the neonates who began the whole thing, as well as number of other Kindred. A threat to the Masquerade was the official reason.

The Justicar's annoyance was probably the real reason. A Sabbat Noddist once gave me some keen insight into the stories about Caine. He noted that the one common denominator between almost all the Caine sightings was the false Caine's call for followers. Rarely does a vampire say, "I saw Caine and he just wants to be left alone." A more indicative event occurred in Madagascar, when a powerful, shining figure appeared near the capital city. He claimed to be Caine, called for followers and then disappeared with almost a third of the island's vampiric population. Nobody has offered an explanation for how or why this happened.

The Noddist contends that these stories recall the particular circumstances of our Embrace. He claims that the actual event differs little from our original births as mortals, but while a baby has two parents, a fledgling is lucky to have even a single sire to introduce her into the new world.

Caine then becomes a mythical father figure, capable of righting all wrongs and nullifying the tragedy of our existence. Longing for Caine is longing for a release from worry and responsibility, and hoping for a golden world of childhood.

The Noddist said this was but one of a number of explanations for Caine. A more heretical one sees Caine as a projection created by vampires longing for perfection. By this theory, we see ourselves as imperfect, and in contemplating our own inner beings, imagine an image of perfection. Since we are not without fault, we project this outward, and this projection becomes Caine. By this reasoning, even the first vampire (Caine, if you will) had the same feelings of incompleteness which we have and imagined his own "Caine."

Beware, Kindred, Beware

So who am I, and why am I releasing all this information? Well, as my own sire, Sennacherib, always said, "You've gotta shake them up before you shake them down." I'm tired of these ancient games. Even knowing what I know, I would prefer to see them end.

You see, I know far more about the Jyhad than most vampires my age. My experience with it predates the century I have been 133 a vampire, or the thirty years I was alive before that. I am one of the Jocastatians, and like Aristotle de Laurent's brethren, I know that knowledge lies at the center of our unlives. While Aristotle seeks the knowledge of his ancestors, however, we devour the memories of ours.

Within me lives Sennacherib, his sire Ismene and more. Eyes not my own have witnessed the Jyhad in its many forms, and now these images continue on through me. Those I destroy, after drinking their "heart's blood", I keep with me forever. Their might becomes my own, and every soul I take adds to my own power.

This also add to my confusion. Every time I do this, I learn things I never expected and see events from new perspectives. The old adage that there are two sides to every issue is not true. There are as many sides to an issue as there are people involved in the issue, and then some. I have seen this Jyhad as experienced by elders and anarchs, Sabbat and Archons, independents and willing pawns.

The only conclusion I can make from all of this is that the war is wrong. I have seen nothing which can justify the horrors we have wrought, and I must say every vampire— whether Camarilla, Sabbat, Inconnu or anything else— is to blame. We do little or nothing to stop this travesty, and it continues decade after decade.

Thus we make these documents available to everyone. I have no control over whether you believe this book or not, but it will open your eyes. Kindred and kine alike need to know that this goes on. Mortals and immortals both need to see how horribly the actions of a few powerful beings corrupts the world. Finally, these ancient manipulators need to learn fear, for their games must not continue forever.

The question you must ask is how much you can trust me. After all, the different factions in the Jyhad have mastered the art of deception and disinformation. For all you know, I could be an elder feeding you exactly the story I want you to hear so you won't go looking for the real one.

Now that I've planted that seed of doubt in your mind, I could be a member of the Black Hand trying to stir up discord between young and old members of the Camarilla. I designed everything negative I've written about the sect to give my words greater credibility and cover my own involvement.

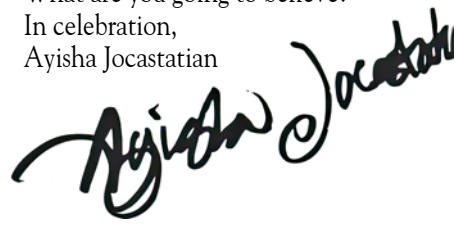
In setting you against both the Camarilla and the Sabbat, I reveal myself as a Giovanni intent on increasing the tensions between the two groups so that my clan can seize more power. So, as you doubt all the major vampiric powers, you can come to the realization that I'm really a Setite dedicated to setting all vampires at each others' throats.

Actually, I'm not really a vampire at all. I'm a hunter, and by fomenting this much distrust, I ensure that vampires will continue destroying each other and make my job easier. In putting this much doubt in your mind, I can now say that I really am an elder, and I've written these past four paragraphs to make sure you won't trust that statement.

What are you going to believe?

In celebration,

Ayisha Jocastatian



Lexicon

Anarch: Rebel Kindred who reject the authority of the elders.

Antediluvians: One of the thirteen third-generation Kindred; Grandchilder of Caine. Each founded a Clan.

Archons: Powerful Camarilla warriors charged with enforcing the Masquerade and the Traditions.

The Beast: The hateful drives that push a vampire to become a monster. The push to Frenzy.

Blood Bond: (Blood Oath) A mystical rite binding the will of one Kindred to another.

Camarilla: Global Conclave of seven Clans and free Kindred. Created to enforce the Masquerade.

Caine: The first child of Adam and Eve. Thought to be the first vampire.

Cainite: A vampire, usually of great age.

Caitiff: Clanless Kindred.

Clan: A group of vampires descended from a particular Antediluvian.

Elder: Old vampire, more than 300 years old. Note that some anarchs from the original anarch revolt are now Elders.

Embrace: The bite. The process of making a human into a vampire.

Frenzy: The state of berserk bloodlust. The Beast unleashed.

Gehenna: Kindred Armageddon, when the Antediluvians awaken to consume their young.

Golconda: Kindred salvation, in which the vampire is freed of bloodlust and the urges of the Beast.

Inquisition: The war humans waged on vampires in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth century.

Justicars: Camarilla enforcers.

Jyhad: The games the Antediluvians play. The Jyhad finds expression in the Anarch War, oppression of neonates by the elders, and the Sabbat-Camarilla War.

Kindred: Vampires

Kine: Mortals.

Masquerade: The effort to hide Kindred from the world of mortals.

Neonate: (Childe, Childer, Neonate, Fledgling): Young vampire, recently Embraced.

Prince: The vampiric ruler of a city

Sabbat: Global organization of two clans and free Kindred that grew out of the Anarch Rebellion.

Sire: Parent and creator of a vampire. Used for both men and women.

Notes

Notes

Legends of the Undead

The first vampires remember their first nights, but do not speak of them. Others have heard tales, but know better than to believe them. The wise speak of The Book of Nod, but none have seen this fabled book of ancient lore.

These are their tales ...

Their stories begin with the Chronicle of Caine and the earliest nights of the vampire. The Chronicle of Shadow reveals Caine's hidden teachings. Finally, the Chronicle of Secrets unveils the deepest mysteries of the Damned, including the coming dread of Gehenna.

VAMPIRE

THE MASQUERADE